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R. Gamett.

THE LIBRARY.

RICHARD GARNETT.

S. T. T. L.

Of him we may say justly—Here was one
Who knew of most things more than any other;
Who loved all learning underneath the sun,
And looked on every learner as a brother.

Nor was this all. For those who knew him knew,
However far his lore's domain extended,
It held its quiet 'Poet's Corner' too,
Where mirth and song and irony were blended.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

April 26, 1906.



RICHARD GARNETT was born at Lichfield on the 27th February, 1835, and was only three years of age when he came from that city to London with his father, the Reverend Richard Garnett, who in 1838 received the appointment of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, in succession to Henry Francis Cary, the translator of Dante.

There can be few now living who remember the
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elder Garnett, but when I first joined the Museum Staff in 1870 I learnt from some of my gray-haired colleagues that the physical resemblance between the father and son was as striking as their intellectual kinship. The father, like the son, combined an exceptional memory with a critical and acute intellect and a kindly and cheerful heart. Richard Garnett, whose earliest memories were connected with the Library, obtained his appointment to an Assistantship at the early age of sixteen, on the 1st of March, 1851.

Nowadays Assistants are seldom appointed until they have passed through the honour schools at one of the Universities, and have faced a competitive examination of no small strain and stress. The present system, no doubt, works better, as a rule, than the old haphazard method of patronage, but in this case Sir Anthony Panizzi, to whose influence the appointment was due, conferred on the Library one of the many benefits for which the Museum has cause to remember his name with gratitude.

Had Richard Garnett, instead of entering the Museum as a boy, gone to Oxford or Cambridge, his career would probably have been very different. He had in him all the makings of an ideal University Don. The power not merely of acquiring, but of imparting knowledge, he possessed in the highest degree, and the whole bent of his intellect was academic. Had such been his lot, his learning, his wit, his wise and pithy utterances would doubtless have formed the delight of many a Common Room, but it may be questioned whether his influence upon the larger world of letters would have been so great as

circumstances allowed it to become. May it not also, without intentional irony, be asked whether his profound respect for and his extraordinary knowledge of Greek and Roman literature would have survived the daily round of educational familiarity? It is at least curious that of all recent authors none have shown a greater or more genuine love of the classics than George Gissing and Richard Garnett, neither of whom had enjoyed the blessings of a University education.

After some years of the usual round of cataloguing, through which every assistant in the Library must pass, Garnett was appointed to the office of 'Placer of Books,' a technical term implying one of the most responsible and delightful posts which the Library has to offer to a fortunate member of its staff. The Museum, as every one knows, possesses no complete class catalogue; but the want of this is to some extent supplied by the elaborate system of classification which divides the shelves of the Library into more than seven hundred divisions and sub-divisions. The duty of the 'Placer' is to assign to each newly acquired book its proper position in one or other of these divisions, a work which necessarily involves a glance at the contents of each volume, and often very much more than a cursory glance. Few of those who have been so fortunate as to hold this office can abstain from a sigh when, in after days of less freedom and greater responsibility, they look back on this old peaceful and happy task.

To Richard Garnett, of all men, such work was a perpetual delight. Here, in the quiet recesses of the Library, he remained for more than ten years,

adding day by day to the immense stock of his knowledge, unknown to the world at large, but appreciated by a growing circle of friends able to understand and appraise him at his true value.

In 1875 Dr. Garnett was promoted to the rank of Assistant Keeper, and succeeded Dr. George Bullen as Superintendent of the Reading Room.

No greater change could well be experienced in the life of an official than to be taken suddenly from the peaceful hermitage of the Library and thrust into the ceaseless toil of the Reading Room, the stock-exchange of literature. The duties of the head of this curious room are so varied and contrasted that it has been said, not without truth, that the perfect Superintendent should combine in his own person the qualities which make a gentleman, a scholar, a police-constable, and a boatswain's mate. In the first two of these capacities Dr. Garnett was obviously the right man in the right place, and however little he resembled the constable or the petty officer, there was much in his manner and bearing which enforced respect in the minds of all who were brought into contact with him, while among his subordinates the wish to deserve his praise was as strongly felt as the desire to escape his censure.

It was, however, in his ability to guide and help readers in selecting books on a thousand different subjects that his reputation as Superintendent rests. His memory was phenomenal, both for its extent and for its accuracy; his judgement of the value of books was practically final, and his knowledge of every variety of subject was as nearly as possible inexhaustible. A hundred stories are current of his

answers to curious questioners; it will be sufficient to quote, as an example, the fact that I heard him on the same day give the names of the winners of the Derby from 1850 to 1860, and the dates of the Popes of the seventeenth century.

The fame which is gained by conversation or by spoken words of any sort soon fades into legend or forgetfulness. A more enduring monument to Dr. Garnett's memory will be found in the printed Catalogue of the Library.

In 1880 Sir E. A. Bond, then the Principal Librarian, determined to undertake the printing of the general catalogue. Most of the senior members of the staff, on whose memory the abortive attempt to print letter A many years earlier had left a profound impression, considered the scheme impracticable, but Dr. Garnett warmly endorsed it, and with characteristic energy and determination undertook the editorship of the new venture. The inordinate growth of the transcribed catalogue which had, by this time, swollen into more than two thousand enormous volumes, furnished an excellent reason for the new undertaking, but in the minds of Sir E. A. Bond and of Dr. Garnett there was present another and yet more important motive. They realized that the Catalogue of Printed Books is the largest and most complete contribution to bibliography extant, and they foresaw the immense benefit which it would confer on students throughout the world to have access to its contents without being compelled to visit London for the purpose. Their object has been amply fulfilled. There is now no civilized country which does not contain

copies, more or less numerous, of the Museum Catalogue, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find visitors to the Library producing notes of books which they wish to see, penned in Moscow or Chicago. On one point Dr. Garnett, in the early days of his editorship, was mistaken. I well remember his telling me that he had little or no hope of living to see the completion of his work. That he did live to see it accomplished, and admirably accomplished, is due to the untiring energy with which both he and his collaborator, Mr. Arthur W. K. Miller, whose name will always be associated with Dr. Garnett's as the joint editor and begetter of the great Catalogue, wrestled with their task. Their toil took no note of official hours. By day and by night, at the Museum and in their own homes, they worked at the mighty mass of proofs, and worked to such purpose that the whole Catalogue, with its four and a half million of entries, was completed in less than twenty years from the time when the first page was sent to the printers.

In 1890 Dr. Garnett was appointed, again in succession to George Bullen, to the Keepership of Printed Books, an office which he held, and in no mere conventional phrase may be said to have adorned, until his retirement from active service in 1899.

Into that retirement he carried the respect and admiration of all his colleagues, and the warm friendship of those who had been privileged to know him more intimately. Retirement with Dr. Garnett meant anything rather than repose or

inactivity, as witnessed by the publication in 1903 and 1904 of the admirable 'History of English Literature,' written in conjunction with Mr. Edmund Gosse. But during these years, occupied as he was with literary work, he lost none of the interest in everything affecting the Museum Library which had been the most absorbing motive of his life. Only a week or two before his death the conversation round the dinner table turned, in his presence, upon certain suggested reforms in the Catalogue, and Dr. Garnett spoke with all the vivacity of youth and the wise experience of age in defence of the criticized headings. Little did those who listened with such interest to his words foresee how soon they were to follow him to his last resting-place on earth.

It is no easy task to sum up in a few words the intellectual gifts or the character of so many-sided a man as Richard Garnett.

The point which would first strike the attention of an acquaintance, especially if he applied to Dr. Garnett for literary aid, was his extraordinary memory and knowledge of the authorities on every variety of subject. Dr. Garnett once assured me that he never consciously learnt any passage of prose or verse by rote, but his memory was at once so retentive and so discriminating that any fact, or name, or theory which drew his attention remained stored away in his brain ready for accurate reproduction at the right moment. I say at the right moment, because he was by means one of those who feel it to be their mission to inflict in or out of season their light or their leading on their suffer-

ing fellow-mortals. He wore neither his heart nor his learning on his sleeve. He was, in fact, of a singularly reticent, reserved and modest nature, and possessed that shrinking from loud or dogmatic utterance which is so often characteristic of real intellectual superiority. Nor was there ever a man further removed from a mere walking encyclopaedia or a cold abstraction of pedantic knowledge and erudition.

He was one of the most living of men: the warmth and geniality of his disposition was as much a feature of his character as the acuteness of his intellect and the originality of his thought; his conversation was animated and vivid, his laughter infectious; he was always the brightest and most cheerful of companions.

To look at him from another side he was a master of sarcasm and of irony. Those who knew him best will realize most fully how characteristic of this phase of his mind are such passages as the following, from the 'Twilight of the Gods,' relating the execution by fire of a heretic, who had asserted that the sacred book of Ad was written on the bones of a cow and not on those of a camel. "But," I said, "it *is* written on the bones of a cow!" "Even so," said he, "and therefore is his heresy the more damnable and his punishment the more exemplary. Had it been indeed written on the bones of a camel he might have affirmed what pleased him."

To turn to yet another side of his character. He was gifted with strong personal sympathies, and with a most kindly and benevolent nature. There

are many who could tell pathetic stories of help of one sort or another, which they have received either by the use of his influence or from his open-handed generosity.

But running through all these phases of his complex intellect and character there was a notable air of distinction about all that he did, or wrote, or said. To few men could Johnson's words on Burke be more truly applied: 'Sir, if a man were to go by chance at the same time with him under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say—"This is an extraordinary man."'

G. K. FORTESCUE.

I WAS once talking with Dr. Garnett about certain rare Welsh books not in the British Museum, a fact of which he was fully conscious, when we were joined by a distinguished professor of Moral Philosophy, who in the course of conversation referred to some rare books in that subject, which also had been wanting in the Museum Library. Dr. Garnett was able to answer without a moment's hesitation as each book was named. 'Yes! we still want that,' or, 'I am glad to say we have that now, we bought it so and so.' Before the conversation ended an eminent mathematician was introduced, to whom Dr. Garnett put the question: 'Are there any gaps in the Museum Library in your subject?' A discussion followed on rare books relating to mathematics, and again the answers

came prompt: 'We have' or 'We have not.' This is a fair example of the bibliographer's memory applied to a collection so large that intimate knowledge of the presence or absence of books would constitute a remarkable achievement—add to this his wide knowledge of the contents of books, and the numerous subjects upon which his knowledge was that of a specialist, and some idea will be possible of the extraordinary learning which he carried so modestly, and placed so willingly at the service of those who sought his help.

The promptness with which he could draw upon his stores of knowledge for quotations or illustrations upon any subject of conversation has been remarked by many who have written about him. I was always greatly struck by the ease with which he moved from one topic to another quite remote, and continue to pour out quotations, parallels, and illustrations as freely as if there had been no change of subject. There was no pause, no appearance of mental effort, he simply glided as a skilled skater describes a curve on the ice. Whatever the subject, he gave the impression that his knowledge of it was fresh and waiting for use. Only one instance have I ever heard of his knowledge being at fault. Mrs. Garnett had brought home, after a short country holiday, a squirrel's nest, which was placed on the drawing-room table, and shown to her friends. A lady remarked that she was not aware squirrels made nests. Mrs. Garnett appealed to her husband: 'Richard, do squirrels build nests?' He hesitated, then replied: 'I really don't know; I don't think so; I must look it up.'

Wide as was his knowledge I think that the way in which he applied his memory to men and women was even more wonderful. The number of his friends was large, yet he made each one feel that his friendship was personal, as undoubtedly it was. The memory which served him so well in his reading, enabled him to keep people in mind, to recall their interests, and to touch the personal note so often lacking with those who know many people. He quickly recognized the good points of younger men, and always helped them with sympathy and encouragement. This was especially the case in matters relating to Librarianship, the field in which his own greatest work was done. He was always ready to consider new ideas, and to help forward those who were striving to make libraries more efficient. He loved libraries, the British Museum Library above all others; but his interest extended to the humblest collection of books in a village institute. He believed in libraries as contributors to the progress and happiness of mankind; it was this belief which kept him closely in touch with the affairs of the Library Association, even after he had come to feel that the bustle and fatigue of the annual meeting was too much of a strain. Many of his most graceful speeches at the Association meetings were made under circumstances which did not allow of their being reported. I recall especially the charming speech made during the Aberdeen meeting, when the members were being entertained by the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, at Glen Tana. If a record of that speech is available it ought to be printed as an illustration

of the apt and graceful way in which Dr. Garnett could use his wide reading for the adornment of life.

JOHN BALLINGER.

FIRST made the acquaintance of Richard Garnett shortly after his appointment as Superintendent of the Reading Room in 1875, and from that date to his retirement in 1899, received from him, in common with all other readers in the British Museum, unfailing help and many kindnesses. His connection with the Library Association, of which he was one of the principal founders, commenced with the preliminary arrangements of the Organizing Committee for the first Conference of Librarians in 1877, at which he read a paper, 'On the System of Classifying Books on the Shelves followed at the British Museum,' and joined in several of the debates. I well remember the impression made upon us by the earnest manner in which he treated library technicalities, and the liberal and enlightened policy which he advocated for the treatment of the users of libraries. From that period to very recently he read many papers at our monthly and annual meetings, chiefly on subjects connected with library history, the methods used at the British Museum, the question of printing the catalogue of printed books, debateable points in cataloguing, and bibliography. Even at the busiest time he was ever ready to fill a vacant place on our programmes, and

was frequently the victim of secretarial impotency. He was interested in the public library movement, in the education of library assistants (for some years he was Chairman of the Education Committee), and as a member of Council gave much help and advice in the conduct of business. In 1893 he acted as President of the Association at Aberdeen, and delivered an admirable address. He frequently joined in the discussions, speaking with great rapidity in a somewhat low tone, and as he had a habit of bending his head, at times he was scarcely audible. Another quaint but not unpleasant peculiarity was a kind of rhythmic rise and fall of tone, and an occasional reminiscence of his native midland tongue. He delivered his remarks in well-balanced sentences, of precise literary form, without a break, and apparently without preparation. Words, phrases, or facts never failed him. He was always informing and interesting, full of knowledge, good sense and good feeling, never dry, technical, or pedantic. He rarely spoke without a well-told anecdote, or neat quotation, and his most informal speeches were brightened with many a ray of wit, and warmed with a vein of sly humour peculiar to himself. Indeed he was equally apt with speech or pen, and the exercise of both faculties appeared to give him real pleasure.

Mrs. Garnett, whose death he had to mourn three years ago, usually accompanied him to the annual meetings in the provinces. Her kindly manners, cultivated understanding, and sympathetic interest in all her husband's undertakings, caused her to make many friends.

Garnett was one of the founders of the Bibliographical Society, and held the office of President, with great success, during the years 1897-8.

I have only been asked to tell of my personal relations with Garnett, but I cannot omit a reference to his long and honourable official career extending to close upon fifty years. Perhaps his chief professional achievement was the printing of the entire Catalogue of the Printed Books in the British Museum Library, due to the vigorous persistence with which he urged the advantages and necessity of that laborious and costly undertaking, which was at first organized and superintended by him, and which he saw carried to successful completion.

As superintendent of the Reading Room he was brought into close relations with the public, and gradually, as we know, won high and well-deserved fame among British and foreign scholars, and in the larger body of the humble and unknown, who form the bulk of those who work or amuse themselves under the great dome at Bloomsbury. Other superintendents before and after him have earned the gratitude of generations of readers for kind, ready, and efficient help—that is an unbroken tradition which is not likely to pass away—but it would be difficult to find among the distinguished and able men who have sat as oracles at that shrine of knowledge one better equipped than was Garnett for holding that difficult office. His varied scholarship, wide reading, accurate acquaintance with the languages and literatures of the ancient and modern world, his remarkable memory, and unequalled knowledge of books, gained in the best practical

school of handling them day after day during the many years he was occupied in arranging and classifying the accessions, gave him unequalled qualifications for the office, while his natural urbanity encouraged the most timid and retiring applicant.

Garnett ought to have taken a high place among the men of letters of his day, but, unfortunately, his great literary powers were often turned to trifling objects, and at times he was induced to lend his pen to undertakings somewhat below the dignity of his capacity. I do not propose to criticise or to give a list of his books, but I desire to make a passing reference to a few that I specially liked. He had a special gift for the rare art of apt translation in verse, and his charming faculty for poetry found expression in several volumes. In prose he wrote a polished, easy, and agreeable style. His little lives of Carlyle, Emerson, and Milton are admirable, and so is his 'History of Italian Literature' (1898). He was an accomplished critic and known as a student of Shelley. His numerous contributions to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and the 'Dictionary of National Biography' should not be forgotten, nor yet the professional writings preserved in his 'Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography' (1893), and 'Essays by an Ex-Librarian' (1901). In my judgement by far the best book he ever produced was the collection of short stories called the 'Twilight of the Gods' (1888), which for irony, wit, and learning, united with felicitous literary expression, are perhaps unrivalled in English literature. To find a parallel one must go to

France. The wit and irony recall the mastery of Voltaire without his mordant heartlessness, while the brilliancy and fine scholarship are worthy of Anatole France.

As a tribute to his memory I have spoken from my knowledge of Richard Garnett as a Fellow of the Library Association, as a librarian and bibliographer, and as an author. I now wish to speak of him as revealed in his more intimate and familiar hours. The world at large was acquainted with his reputation as librarian, scholar, and writer. His many personal friends, among whom I am proud to range myself, admired and loved him, not only for his rare intellectual merits but for his still rarer and more excellent personal qualities; for the combined simplicity and nobility of his character, manly yet refined, amiable yet dignified; for his modesty; for his charm of manner; for his goodness and warmth of heart; for his delicate courtesy in small things as well as great; for his delightful play of wit and fancy in conversation; for his wide sympathy with all intellectual effort; for his generosity in speaking of all men; for his tenderness for the failings of others. All these fine qualities, seldom to be found happily united in one delightful personality, will make his honoured and loved name fragrant and evergreen in the memory of those who knew him.

HENRY R. TEDDER.



R. GARNETT'S death afflicts one with a sense of impoverishment. Even to those who were but seldom privileged to meet him, the occasional recurrence of his personality across the field of remembrance, with the following glow of pleasurable anticipation of again meeting him, was one of the perhaps minor but not less real amenities of life. The remembrance will persist, but the hope is gone.

I feel that I cannot add to the full tribute which has been paid to the charm of his personality, to his wealth of scholarship, to the rare liberality with which he placed his great resources at the service of enquirers. But I am grateful that I am permitted to add a fugitive leaf to the wreath of affection and admiration to which so many and so various hands contribute. I was not of those who enjoyed his intimacy; but I knew him for nearly thirty years, and I met him sufficiently often to appreciate his rare qualities and his engaging and impressive character, and to become inspired by deep respect and by a true regard. On one or two occasions it was my happiness to be able to render some trifling service to him and Mrs. Garnett, and his acceptance was so frank, so cordial, so benignant, as to render the opportunity a delight.

If I were to specify the occasion on which I thought him at his brightest and happiest, I should name the day when the Library Association enjoyed the gracious hospitality of the late Sir William

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Cunliffe Brooks at Glen Tana, that 'palace in the wilderness.' No one who was present can forget the grace, the gaiety, the felicity, the absolute rightness, with which Dr. Garnett conveyed to Sir William the warm and grateful appreciation with which the Association received and acknowledged his noble hospitality. The speech formed a worthy crown for an unforgettable day.

Dr. Garnett was one of those fine and rare spirits whom it is a delight and a privilege to know. By many his memory will be cherished as among the choicest jewels in the casket in which are enshrined their dearest and most precious recollections.

F. T. BARRETT.



AM not able to put into order my recollections of Richard Garnett; the immediate feeling is chiefly that, in common with many others, and for good reasons, I loved and honoured him, and that he is lost to us. Every one who thinks of him must think of his generosity; he had in a pre-eminent degree that kind of charity spoken of in the 'Religio Medici': 'I make not my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.' His wide range of learning and his wide sympathies enabled him to be so great a giver. You never came up to a dead wall in his mind and were stopped; you did not thread tortuous

lanes, although he possessed much curious knowledge, nor climb some rough *salita*; it was always the open downs, with liberal prospects, and yet no minute detail was too little for his inspection. Did anyone ever hear him speak unkindly of another? I, for one, never did. And yet he had a rare gift of irony, a keen-edged, intellectual wit; but he understood things too well to permit him to take pleasure in oburgation or complaint. His memory was marvellous; what had passed once before his eyes seemed to be incised on his brain. I do not know that he ever attended a horse-race, but while he was staying in my house the Derby day came, and he was able to recite the names of the winners of the Derby for the ten preceding years. In literary research he was keen and surefooted; but he did not become intellectually myopic through the practice of microscopy. I do not venture to speak of his work in so many provinces of literature, it speaks for itself; but he was capable of surprises to the end. He sent me a copy of the first edition of 'De Flagello Myrteo'; I thanked the sender, but never guessed that my friend was the writer of these fine *pensées*. A few days before his death he wrote to me acknowledging the authorship.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



IN the course of a long life, given up chiefly to official work and to work done for every reason but that of personal impulse, Dr. Garnett found time and opportunity to write two books after his own heart. To be more precise, I would say that he put his heart into one and his mind into the other. It was the heart that had to wait longest for its chance. 'De Flagello Myrteo: Thoughts and Fancies on Love' was written at the age of seventy, in two brief periods; and the conditions under which it was written were curiously similar to what has been told us of his own way of work by the writer whom it most resembles, Coventry Patmore, whom Dr. Garnett had known at the British Museum as a young man, whose poetry, as he told me, he had come to like with difficulty, for whom he had made the first selection of his poems, the 'Florilegium Amantis' of 1879, and to whom he had returned in spirit, or whom he had perhaps first really encountered, at the very end of his life. Patmore, a strenuous artist, wrote rarely, and most of his work was done in short periods of inspiration or improvisation, with long tideless intervals between. I can hardly use any less word than that of inspiration for this beautiful little book of 'thoughts,' in which prose has almost the certainty of poetry, and verse, at times, an elegance not less penetrating than that of the prose. Thought and form are alike sublimated to an essence, and it is difficult to choose among sayings

said so finally, and in tones tender and playful, scornful and ecstatic, in turn. Here are a few, which represent no more than a few of the kinds of thought and fancy:

‘In the religion of Love the courtesan is a heretic; but the nun is an atheist.’

‘If one had disparaged Laura to Petrarch, and Beatrice to Dante, indignation would have made Petrarch voluble, and Dante dumb.’

‘It is said that Hope was the only good Genius left in Pandora’s casket: but which of the others could have lived without her?’

‘Love, alas! often puts golden treasure into an earthen vessel; but he never puts earth into a vessel of gold, unless it be earth from a grave.’

It was with such calm, solemn, and luminous meditations that one who had seemed all his life to be a Stoic, perhaps a Cynic philosopher, made his own last preparations. I have said elsewhere, speaking of ‘The Twilight of the Gods,’ that other book into which he put himself, that this ‘learned mockery, so sane, so rational, dancing in the fetters of artful pedantry, makes a sort of Punch and Judy show of the comedy of civilization’; and I can think of no image which would better represent the hilarity, violence, and contemptuous aloofness of his way of juggling with great names, great conventions, frozen ideals, paralyzed beliefs. On the surface these tales are pieces of light-hearted buffoonery, and I see, among the opinions of the press quoted on the fly-leaf of the enlarged edition

of 1903, references, evidently made in all good faith, to the 'Ingoldsby Legends' and the 'Bab Ballads.' Neither Barham nor Mr. Gilbert, two writers of equally intoxicating brilliance of nonsense, ever wasted thought on an idea deeper than a pin would scratch. Dr. Garnett's book would have been publicly burned by any government in any age which had really taken seriously the beliefs which it professed in theory. It is a text-book of intellectual anarchy; it is loaded with symbols of revolution; but the air of our century is proof against it, it will never go off with the least damage to our idols.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

BEFORE an attempt is made to supplement in any other way what has already been written about Dr. Garnett from various points of view, a special word of gratitude has to be said for the help and encouragement which he constantly gave to this magazine. Not only did he lend it countenance and authority by acting as one of its consulting editors, but he found time to write for it three very characteristic articles;¹ he was quick to express his pleasure at any contribution of unusual interest which appeared in its pages, and he frequently offered suggestions of subjects which might be written on,

¹ 'Early Spanish-American Printing,' vol. i, pp. 139-146; 'On the De Missione Legatorum Japonensium' (Macao, 1590), vol. ii, pp. 172-182; 'Some Notes on Ancient Writing and Writing Materials,' vol. iv, pp. 225-235.

though the suggestions too often required a learning akin to his own to carry them out. Two quite recent instances of his kindness may be specially mentioned. In the conviction, in which he was probably right, that it is only by an abundance of pictures that a bibliographical magazine can attain a satisfactory circulation, he offered himself to subscribe to provide more illustrations, an offer which could not be entertained, but is very gratefully remembered. Again, only just before last Christmas, when asked for his opinion on the principles by which municipal librarians should be guided in their book-purchases, he wrote for our January number no mere hasty expression of his ideas, but a considered and carefully thought out view of the whole matter, which in its mellow reasonableness seemed to sum up almost all that could be said on the subject. To lose a friend such as this is a grievous loss indeed to those who are carrying on a magazine to work a little closer towards ideals for which there are few enthusiasts, and while the editors of 'The Library' have individually many other reasons for lamenting Dr. Garnett's death, the loss of his help and sympathy in their difficult task comes specially home to them.

Besides the notes here printed, and the one or two obituaries in the daily papers which appeared to be written from personal knowledge and with personal feeling, some very interesting tributes by Mr. F. M. Hueffer, and by three of Dr. Garnett's women friends—Miss Beatrice Harraden, Miss Agnes Adams, and Miss Alice Zimmern—have been published in the June number of 'The Book-

man.' Necessarily slight as are all these contributions, they yet point to the possibility that by co-operation some sketch of this unique personality might be evolved which should be different from the ordinary biography, so unflinching in its tedious detail, so swollen with letters no longer interesting, which passes through the circulating libraries, and is dead within the year. 'Every night of his life he went to the pillar-box at the top of the street,' Miss Adam writes in 'The Bookman.' 'He had an enormous correspondence, and insisted on posting his own letters. His friends who lived near used to say they knew it was ten minutes to twelve when a slow, hesitating step passed their windows. Latterly he leaned heavily on his stick—the stick that used to be Ford Madox Brown's.' It may seem capricious to pick out the record of so small a characteristic as this, and make much of it, but to at least one reader these few sentences brought back the living personality, and with it the sense of individual loss by his death, more than all the columns of formal obituaries.

Dr. Garnett was proud of being a fellow-townsmen of Dr. Johnson, and it seems probable that, if his memory endures, it will be, as in the case of Johnson, less for what he wrote than for what he was. There is, indeed, a rather tempting parallelism in the actual literary output of the two men. Against Johnson's Dictionary we may set Dr. Garnett's share in the British Museum Catalogue. The biographies of Milton, Carlyle and Emerson need not fear comparison with the once famous 'Lives of the Poets.' In poetry, 'The Vanity of

Human Wishes' and 'London,' adaptations though they be, have more individuality and a stronger ring than Dr. Garnett's graceful verses; but if the scale turns against him at this weighing, the author of 'The Twilight of the Gods' and 'De Flagello Myrteo' might well hope to make a corresponding recovery when these are contrasted with 'Rasselas' and 'Irene.' The epigrams in these two books of Dr. Garnett's are indeed as quotable as the best things in Boswell, and are only too likely to prove the chief memorials of his powers as a talker. The revelation of the authorship of 'De Flagello Myrteo' within a few days of the writer's death may suggest a possible need of waiting a little before the chorus of admiration with which it has been greeted can be accepted as a final verdict. On the other hand, 'The Twilight of the Gods,' which has been enthusiastically praised in so many notices, has won its way to this favour after a most chilling first reception. Amid the gentle regrets now uttered that Dr. Garnett wasted on mere literary and official taskwork time which might have been devoted to producing more such books as this, it is interesting to remember that these intensely characteristic stories found their way to the remainder market with disconcerting rapidity. It would certainly have pleased their author had he ever known that it was the loyal appreciation of his staff at the British Museum that helped them to emerge very quickly from this undignified position. When the remainder-man's catalogue was received in the Printed Book Department, it was promptly taken the round of the different rooms, and the resultant

order for twenty-five copies so surprised the vendor that he refused to execute it except at the very advance of price it was partly intended to bring about.

While Dr. Garnett took the cold reception of his stories with cheerful philosophy, he never pretended to be indifferent to criticism. One of his most characteristic utterances, both for its feline reference and for the genial assurance with which it was spoken, was provoked by overhearing a doubt expressed as to whether authors who knew their own worth really care for the praise of critics. 'Do poets like praise'? 'Do cats like cream'? was his comment, and as he made it there was a delightful beam of amusement in his face, which is good to remember. Before very long the cream for his own 'Twilight of the Gods' came to him in a form which he greatly appreciated—that of a warm letter of thanks and praise from the late Lord Lytton, with whom he had, I believe, no personal acquaintance. It was typical of his modesty that this touch of sympathy from a single distinguished reader gave him as much pleasure as if he himself had been a raw beginner, and that when he had his own copy of the book bound a pocket was made in one of the covers, and Lord Lytton's letter placed in it.

It is pleasant to know that the success of 'The Twilight of the Gods' was not wholly posthumous, and that Dr. Garnett lived to see it pass into a second edition. That it was not more quickly appreciated is perhaps no real matter for regret. Not to succeed too rapidly is the surest of all safeguards for artistic integrity. No man of letters of

Dr. Garnett's generous nature and limited official income can ever be quite indifferent to the temptations offered by publishers, and had he been bombarded with applications for more such stories, the pure gold which he extracted from this vein of fancy might have been alloyed with metal less truly characteristic. As it was, he found later on a new literary diversion in the aphorisms of the 'De Flagello Myrteo,' and not many authors have more than two absolutely original books to their credit.

One of the many reasons for hoping that some authentic memoir of Dr. Garnett may be written is that there are already signs that without some really discriminating record his reputation may attract to itself many of the Joe-Millerisms of librarianship. There is much to be grateful for in Mr. Hueffer's article in 'The Bookman,' but it may be wished that he had abstained from the obviously imaginative story of the engraving of a Merovingian buckle, for which Dr. Garnett directed him to about page 274 of the tenth volume of a work to be found on the fourth row of the fifth shelf (*sic*), on the right from the entrance to the Reading Room. Dr. Garnett's feats of memory were too really extraordinary to need embellishment of this kind, and they become much more human and interesting when they are traced to their source instead of being treated as semi-magical prodigies. Even his acquaintance with the names of the Derby winners, by which he amused so many of his friends, was not quite fortuitous, for by a whimsical survival from the manners of an older generation, he was for many years an amused

subscriber to a half-crown sweepstake on the Derby. There is even a tradition that he was once the winner of it, and used his gains to present all his innocent fellow gamblers with flowers.

One may be more more grateful to Mr. Hueffer when he speaks of Dr. Garnett's 'enigmatic and very wonderful presence.' Gentle, easy of approach, and entirely unassuming as he was, it may be doubted whether any man every ventured to take a liberty with him; and for myself, to the end of his days, I paid him the unpleasant compliment of stammering more consistently when talking with him than with any other person in the world with whom I was on the same terms. But however long the query took to explain it was always heard with the same benign smile from the spectacled eyes, and when the end came there was usually some modest disclaimer and then a stream of suggestions, not always precisely to the point, but almost always opening up new vistas and pointing out connections I had never suspected. When time served it was worth while to venture on a story for the sake of the better one with which he was sure to cap it, and which would be made more humorous if it happened to bring in his accustomed pronunciation of the vowel u as short as possible. An anecdote of a butcher, who exclaimed when he had slain a refractory sheep, 'I've conciliated that one, anyway,' was the only story I remember to have heard him tell twice, and for the sake of the 'büt' in 'bütcher' I would gladly have heard it often.

At the time when I first knew Dr. Garnett he had already been a third of a century in the British

Museum. Mr. Fortescue's recollections go back thirteen years earlier than this. Those who remember him in his freshman days are now sadly few. He was a 'tall, lanky youth,' one of them tells me, always reading, and reputed to possess the gift of eating his lunch, going on with his work, and skimming the 'Athenæum' all at the same time. The newspaper he seems to have read only in the street as he came down to the Museum of a morning, holding it up before him with one hand, while he held bag and umbrella in the other. Perhaps it was this early habit of reading as he walked which accounted for his rather peculiar gait. When he entered the Museum he probably felt himself a Croesus, for the pay of assistants had just been altered from a daily or weekly wage to an annual salary of £130; and for a lad of sixteen to be able to start on a salary of £130 a year was no more common in those days than now. While his appointment illustrates the occasional advantages of the old system of patronage, that of his immediate senior can hardly be quoted on the same side, for the legend runs that he had obtained his post as the only way of acknowledging his services in bringing over to the Queen some Barbary horses as a present from the Sultan of Morocco, and his stay at the Museum was neither very long nor very successful. Two places higher up, and in receipt of about £45 a year more salary, was Coventry Patmore, with whom the young Garnett, already thinking of poetry, associated more than with anyone else. Two places below him was E. A. Roy, who had entered the Museum some ten years earlier

in an inferior grade, and whose merits, as recounted by Panizzi before the Commission of 1850 formed one of the levers by which the position of the staff had been recently improved. It seems that he knew French and Italian fluently, had a cataloguing acquaintance with German and Spanish, and could even transcribe Arabic. Yet 'this young man,' complained Panizzi, 'receives twenty-five shillings a week, and if he catches a cold and is absent he gets nothing during his absence.' Panizzi was a good friend to Garnett, but his admiration for Mr. Roy's merits caused him in 1856 to promote the latter, as the older man, over Garnett's head. Later on he was passed over again, much less justifiably, in favour of Ralston, the well-known Russian scholar, and on this occasion resented the slight so much that until an explanation was offered him he wished to be allowed to resign. But despite this share of official troubles it cannot be doubted that his life at the British Museum, from first to last, was a very happy one. He loved it so much that he very seldom took his full allowance of holidays, and he knew nothing of Museum headaches. The atmosphere produced in winter by its hot-water pipes he used to compare for its warmth and dryness to the air of Egypt, and he seems to have found it sufficiently bracing to keep him in constant health. Would that more of his old colleagues were alive to tell us what he was like in these early days, when he sat first in the King's Library, and afterwards in the Arched Room, and catalogued the old books in their order shelf after shelf!

In conclusion, a few words may be said as to

Dr. Garnett's connection with the Bibliographical Society of which, as Mr. Tedder has already noted, he was one of the founders. Despite the obstacles which his duties as one of the Resident Officers at the British Museum threw in his way, he was a frequent attendant at its meetings, and with the courtesy which never failed him in his intercourse with his colleagues, made a special point of being present when anyone from the Museum was reading a paper. It is no exaggeration to say that his presence by itself sufficed to make a meeting a success, for he chatted delightfully with everyone who went up to him, and could always be relied on for an interesting speech. He had no oratorical gift, and when not entirely at his ease was far from an effective speaker. But here he was among friends; the small audience and the room both suited him, and after some deprecatory remarks as to his own ignorance, he would settle down to play round any subject on which he was asked to speak with a wealth of learning and fancy which was quite delightful. It was the charm of his suggestions that they were almost always far fetched and yet triumphantly relevant. I remember that in speaking of English books printed abroad he pointed out as an example of the haps by which the spread of printing was ruled, that if England had been absolutely supreme at sea, when, under Elizabeth, she was supporting the claim of Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, the Portuguese islands off the coast of Africa would no doubt have been captured, and proclamations have been issued there in his interest, and thus the appearance of printing in

Africa would have been accelerated by at least fifty years. The speculation was quite to the point, but it may be doubted whether any other human being than Dr. Garnett, who was always fascinated by the might-have-beens of history, would have thought of it.

During the two years that he held the office of President he worked really hard for the Society, and was always ready to promote its interests. He frequently also acted as deputy to his immediate successor, the Earl of Crawford, during the latter's absence from England, and to do this on one occasion came straight to the Society's rooms after completing his last day's work at the British Museum. With some misgivings, lest he might already be a little overwrought, it was hastily resolved that something should be said as to the affection and esteem which he carried with him in his retirement. Dr. Garnett was taken by surprise, but the mingled dignity and cheerfulness of his brief reply were characteristic of his whole attitude to life.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PUBLIC TASTE.



ABAD man writes a wicked book, a stupid man a bad one. Society protects itself against bad men. Readers have a right to expect that their books will be excluded from public libraries. Everything turns upon the fact that the libraries are public. No administration is all-seeing. No laws or regulations reach the recesses of a citizen's life. But in public places the community insists that its code of the proprieties shall be observed. A citizen frequents church, marketplace, or theatre in the assurance that he will neither hear nor see things which shock the average man. His standard may be far above or far below the average; but he must accept the ruling of the majority in this as in other matters. An ill-disposed writer has an opportunity which is denied the public speaker. From the secrecy of his study he may communicate to the public things which he would never be allowed to say. I have a right to trust that I shall not unexpectedly find myself listening to his insinuations, his suggestions, or his perversions. The matter is of less consequence than the manner. Everything depends upon the intention with which reticence is laid aside. It is easy for anyone who writes on this theme to be sententious. It is equally easy to

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ridicule copy-book maxims. Yet right remains right, and wrong wrong. There is a decency which forbids, despite all sophistries. Realism is no justification in itself. There may be purposes which justify exposure, but they need to be self-evident before we admit their validity. Only the strongest of motives prevents a modest person from feeling distressed when he witnesses exposure. One of the most powerful and graceful of French novelists has recently produced a book which has been much read notwithstanding the fact that from time to time he checks the easy flow of his argument to spit in his reader's face. One cannot imagine that this sudden abandonment of the restraints which society imposes can fail to disgust the reader of average sensibility. I have a right to expect that the guardians of a public library will keep such a book, as they would keep such a man, from entering the place.

Who is to compile an index expurgatorius? Few of us covet the post of public hangman. We have no desire to kindle the book-fire in the marketplace. Fortunately, in the case of public libraries there is no need for an active measure of this kind. Action is taken when a book is admitted. In not admitting we merely imitate the Quaker who cut the rope by which a burglar was hanging from his roof, with the quiet remark, 'Friend, thou art not wanted here.' The fact that a library is a place where the public meet with authors of whom they know nothing, either good or bad, demands a guarantee that the book-tasters to the library reject such books as are poisonous to the moral nature.

Is the public the best judge of what is good for its moral and intellectual health? To credit the public with a power of discriminating between what is wholesome and what is harmful is to admit that it possesses literary knowledge of which it is pathetically destitute. Seventeen years' experience as Chairman of the National Home Reading Union has convinced me that no greater service can be done the reading public than by drawing up lists of the best—that is to say, the most suitable—books for various grades of readers. The average man, from whom the business of life exacts a daily tale of eight hours' work, enters a library with no idea of the subject which is likely to interest him; or if he have a predilection, with no notion of how he is to find out the books which will take him from his present level of intellectual attainment farthest, and most quickly, into the new realm which he desires to explore. He is conscious of immense opportunities, and of vast ignorance of the way in which to seize them. No librarian, no library committee, need feel hesitation in guiding the reading of the great majority of their clients. It is hopeless to leave them to find out the right books for themselves. The greatest service which can be done them is to put the right books in their way.

Are books which are bad as literature, although innocuous from an ethical standpoint, to be denied to the public? In this matter the public must, I fear, be allowed to go its own stupid way. When it is a question of choosing between two books, and only a library of unlimited means can take all books,

library authorities have perforce to exercise some selection; but their only guidance in ordinary cases is an intelligent anticipation of the probable demand. The library must cater for its customers. If the majority of readers prefer thistles to lettuces as articles of diet, we may regret their want of taste, we cannot insist upon their relinquishing their favourite food. Yet even here we may fairly ask whether it is not rather a question of habit than a perversity of taste. The denizens of heaths and roadside wastes know little of the succulent products of a well-kept garden. It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the inexperience of the frequenters of public libraries.

The fact that many of those who frequent public libraries are inexperienced, and the still more obvious fact that a vast number of people who do not frequent public libraries, stay outside because they do not know what books to ask for, if they enter, leave a responsibility with the librarians and committees which they cannot escape. Something, not much, may be done by excluding the less desirable books. Much, very much more than at present, should be done to attract readers and to create a demand for the best. The dream of an intellectual England may never come true, but every public library helps towards its fulfilment. Its action is not, however, automatic. It is an instrument of education which works only when directed by brains stimulated by missionary ardour. The dumping of a church, a museum, or a library in an apathetic and uncultured district does not effect the reformation of its inhabitants.

How to quicken a library—to give it life. There are no rules of universal application; but, amongst many means, the following stand out as being peculiarly within the province of a librarian and under his control: (1) The display of books bearing upon subjects which are at the time occupying the public mind, such as the civilization of Japan and Russia (or its absence in the case of the latter), Arctic and Antarctic exploration, problems of poverty, the tercentenary of Don Quixote, etc. In many cases it will be found desirable to prepare lists, without displaying the books. Mr. Hunt, the librarian at Bootle, has sent the writer some admirable lists of books which he has prepared suitable for young people, interesting to those who are contemplating summer holidays, illustrative of a local exhibition of Italian art, etc. If such lists comprehend all the books on the subject in the library, with the best books indicated by a mark or type, they are especially valuable. (2) Talks on books;—nothing is more useful than a weekly lecture upon their own hobbies, by persons who know their subjects, and who have taken the trouble to look out the books in the library which will enable others to follow in their steps. (3) I must be forgiven if I urge that in my opinion the most effective method of giving voice to the dumb mouths which line the shelves is the formation of public reading circles, meeting in the library, for the purpose of co-operative study and discussion.

That the reading of a book with a view to a meeting at which its subject-matter will be discussed increases the interest of reading, the power

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of recollecting its contents and the probability of their comprehension, is not open to dispute. That such increased functional activity is to the glory of the library seems equally clear.

ALEX. HILL.

THE LADY DILKE GIFT TO THE NATIONAL ART LIBRARY.

THE important and valuable collection of books brought together by the late Lady Dilke in the course of her studies and researches into the history of French Art and Artists during the Renaissance¹ and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with others acquired chiefly on the score of their beauty, have found a permanent home, in accordance with her wish, in the Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. Lady Dilke left her 'books' to her executors, to whom she explained in her will that her intentions were known. The executors knew from Sir Charles Dilke that Lady Dilke intended her Art books for South Kensington, and that her recent opinion had been that her classical books should also some day find there a permanent home. They gave all the books to Sir Charles Dilke, subject to the presentation by him to the 'South Kensington Art Library' of the portion of the collection selected by him for that purpose.

¹ The two volumes on the 'Renaissance of Art in France' were published, as was her 'Claude,' written in French, under her earlier name of Mrs. Mark Pattison, and her Salon articles in the 'Academy' are signed 'E. F. S. Pattison.'

It would seem from the excellent 'Memoir' which Sir Charles Dilke has prefixed to the 'Book of the Spiritual Life,' that it had long been Lady Dilke's object to acquire works for presentation to South Kensington. He writes on page 7, speaking of her drawings:

'After our marriage she began, in accordance with the wishes of Mark Pattison as to the disposal of his money, to set aside a certain fixed proportion of her income for buying books, other than those needed for her daily work. For the fine editions—especially of the Latin and Italian classics—destined, along with the working books, for the Art Library at South Kensington, a book-plate was required. The designs for the stamps, together with some at Oxford in wood-carving and some in metal at our London house, are the few pieces of her own work intended by her for preservation.'

The volumes, many of them in beautiful bindings, bear unmistakeable evidence of having belonged to a lady of excellent taste and discrimination, and one, moreover, who spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring fine examples of the books she needed for the work she had undertaken. Apart from the fact of the associations which many of them possess, from having formerly belonged to collectors and authors of renown, these books in numerous instances contain manuscript notes and inscriptions, which cannot fail to interest book-lovers. In some cases we find lengthy memoranda which show how carefully Lady Dilke has perused them and availed herself of the various sources of information respecting the subjects with which her name will always be

identified. With very few exceptions this collection may be described as a student's library, for it is rich in works of reference, and it comprises, also, long series of the best art publications and periodicals and copies of the rarer monographs, issued under the auspices of the French government. The entire collection comprises about 630 works, some of them in many volumes. Upwards of 430 of these books relate strictly to art subjects, while of the remainder, consisting for the most part of fine editions of the classics, many might be included among the art books on account of the beauty of their woodcuts.

Lady Dilke had a large circle of acquaintance among the most eminent and learned of foreign authors and critics, and she was in constant correspondence with men like Burty, Eugène Müntz, Hermann Grimm, Thausing, and others. It was partly owing to this interchange of letters that she was able to acquire such a wide grasp of her subject and to explore so thoroughly, as to evoke the warm appreciation of the most competent authorities, the literature of the country of certain phases of whose art she became the historian. To quote one instance only, M. Emile Michel speaks of her Claude book, published in 1884, as 'a remarkable study, full of value, by reason of the profit that all French admirers can draw from so fresh a revelation of his talent.'

It is somewhat difficult, in attempting what can be but a very brief account of the collection, to make choice of the few works to be described. We do not wish simply to string together a list of rare books in choice bindings, but should desire to select

certain of the more important volumes which may serve to convey some general impression of the gift as a whole.

It will be understood readily that a large proportion of these books are by foreign writers of the last century, but Lady Dilke also possessed an unusually good selection of fine editions of the classical authors and not a few early printed works in choice condition, many of them noticeable on account of the beauty of their illustrations.

Perhaps few French works of the sixteenth century are more prized by collectors and present features of greater interest than the beautiful version of the dream of Poliphilus which Jean Martin dedicated to the Conte de Nantheuil in 1546. This volume, splendidly bound in whole morocco, with Lady Dilke's book-plate impressed in gold on the cover, contains several sheets of manuscript notes by her, in which comparisons are made between the woodcuts in this edition and those found in the first Aldine issue at Venice in 1499. An inscription dated January, 1905, at the commencement, by Sir C. Dilke, is to the effect that he retains this work 'for life interest,' but a few months later he writes, 'Decided to give it now.'

Another precious folio of much the same date (1560), is the 'Livre de Perspective de Jehan Cousin,' Paris, Jehan le Royer, with the beautiful woodcut diagrams and illustrations of this artist. The binding is in pure vellum, with the small gold monogram used by Lady Dilke at each of the angles. The large majority of the specially bound books are the work of Zaehnsdorf, and many of them are admirable

specimens of his skill. As an instance of careful and conservative binding in the case of a much prized volume, we may mention the 'Annotationes in Legem II' of Lazarus Bayfius, printed at Paris by R. Stephanus in 1536. This work has been rebound by Zaehnsdorf in whole morocco, with the gold ex-libris of Lady Dilke on the front cover, but the original binding of stamped calf has been retained in the form of doublures, inserted within the covers. This book contains numerous woodcuts, many of which bear the 'Lorraine Cross, the supposed mark of Geoffroy Tory.'¹ It was edited by Charles Estienne, the brother of the printer, who informs us in a short preface that the illustrations were taken from ancient monuments, and notably from marbles still extant at Rome. In addition to the woodcuts, are many fine initial letters, the well-known 'Lettres fleuries,' also believed to be the work of Tory.

Yet another enviable volume belonging to this most beautiful period of French art is 'Les dix premiers Livres de l'Iliade d'Homère, Prince des Poètes,' printed at Paris by Jehan Loys, 1545. The woodcuts in this work are each of them surrounded by quaint arabesque borders, and these are apparently also due to Geoffroy Tory, though we do not find the book noticed by Bernard in his monograph of that artist. Another volume in the collection has borders only, with all the pages otherwise blank, and is probably unique.

A very late example of the use of a xylographic

¹ On this subject Lady Dilke corresponded with M. Claudin, the historian of the early French press, and converted him to her view.

title is found in the fine copy of the 'Mer des Histoires,' Les Angeliens (F. Regnault), 1543. This volume was formerly in the library of Mr. Shipperdson, and it contains his book-plate and some interesting memoranda apparently by him.

At the risk of dwelling too long on this section of the collection, we must mention the beautiful copy of 'Le Premier Tome de l'Architecture' of Philibert de l'Orme, Paris, F. Morel, 1567, a fine folio work with a splendid title-page.

Sir Charles Dilke has added a note: 'These and many other volumes left to her Executors and given by them to me, given by me to the South Kensington Art Library, according to what I believe was her wish.'

Lady Dilke was fond of collecting from book-sellers' catalogues cuttings and notes relating to her treasures. Such is notably the case with respect to 'Le Premier volume des grans Decades de Titus Livius,' with the mark of François Regnault, Paris (1514?), a magnificent folio, bound in whole crushed morocco by Zaehnsdorf, with the ex-libris in gold on the outside of the cover. Several facsimiles clipped from book catalogues have been inserted in this volume. This is but one out of the complete set of three volumes, which are, however, seldom found together and are of the utmost rarity.

Rich as it is in the early woodcut books of the sixteenth century, perhaps the greatest gems from the collector's point of view belong to a later date and come into the category of the treasured period when the aid of the eminent artists of the eighteenth century was invoked to adorn the masterpieces of

the printer's skill. There is no more splendid work here in respect of size and condition than 'Les Graces,' Paris, Laurent Prault, 1769, on thick paper and wholly uncut. This copy, moreover, possesses special interest from the fact that it contains a note by Lady Dilke concerning one of the illustrations. 'This volume was originally bound without the plate "Les Graces Vierges," which should face page 75. I had this plate reproduced from one in the Cabinet des Estampes in 1902, and two proofs of this reproduction on Japan carefully inserted by Zaehnsdorf.' This work is finely bound in old calf, with Lady Dilke's book-plate in leather. Here mention ought also to be made of the superb large paper copy in four volumes, folio, of the 'Fables Choisiées, mises en Vers par J. de la Fontaine,' with Oudry's illustrations, issued by Jombert, Paris, 1755, and the 'Fables Nouvelles,' of Dorat, La Haye, 1773.

Lady Dilke does not seem to have fallen a victim to the expensive taste for collecting emblem books, though she had a small number of choice specimens. We may mention in this category the 'Diverse Imprese' of Alciato, Lyons, 1549, a rather used copy, but richly bound in old crushed levant. The woodcuts in this edition are each of them surrounded with a beautiful border. The copy of the 'Imprese di M. G. Symeoni,' Lyons, 1560, was formerly in the Hopetoun Library and bears the book-plate and autograph of J. Balfourius. Here mention may be made of the fact that in connection with her intention to treat of the woodcuts of the early Lyons press, as recorded in the Memoir, she had

gathered not a few fine examples of work of that period.

It is impossible to allude otherwise than very briefly to the many books which possess features of personal interest.

Thus Jules Guiffrey, now director of the Gobelins, presented his work, '*Les Caffiéri*,' Paris, 1877, to Paul Mantz, and the volume not only contains an autograph letter and also a memorandum that it formerly belonged to Mantz, but Sir C. Dilke has added that his wife 'had much regard both for Paul Mantz and J. Guiffrey (père).

Not a few of the works were presentation copies to Lady Dilke by the authors; thus the '*Essai sur l'histoire du Théâtre*,' by Bapst, Paris, 1893, has this inscription on the title-page:

à Lady Charles Dilke,
homage de profond respect,
GERMAIN BAPST.

The finely illustrated work by Baron Roger Portalis, entitled '*Honoré Fragonard, sa Vie et son Œuvre*,' Paris, 2 vols., Rothschild, 1889, would appear also to have been a presentation copy.

The collection is rich in scarce architectural books and monographs on special buildings. Many of these works are beautifully preserved and richly bound. There are also a few collections of rare engravings, such as '*Les Places, Portes, Fontaines, Eglises, et Maisons de Paris*,' by Perelle, in oblong folio. This book is remarkable for its excellent topographical illustrations of ancient buildings which have now disappeared.

It is scarcely necessary to state that works of reference on the fine arts are to be found here in great numbers, such as the 'Abecedario,' of Mariette, in six volumes, Paris, Dumoulin, 1851-1860; the 'Musée des Monuments Français,' by A. Lenoir, Paris, Guilleminet, the first volume dated 'An. IX.' (1800), and the eighth and last volume issued in 1821. This work contains many excellent illustrations. Here also is the 'Dictionnaire des Peintres de toutes les Ecoles,' Adolphe Siret, 4 vols., Paris, 1883; 'Kugler's Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte,' Stuttgart, 1861; and Perrot et Chipiez, 'L'Art dans l'Antiquité.'

Many volumes of inventories of State property are included here, such as the 'Inventaire général des Œuvres d'Art du Département de la Seine,' the 'Inventaire général des Œuvres d'art de Paris,' and the 'Inventaire général des Richesses de la France,' 21 vols., also a long series of the 'Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi sous le règne de Louis XIV.' All these books are finely bound; Lady Dilke possessed, moreover, a very complete collection of the writings of the Vicomte H. Delaborde.

Such standard publications as the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' 'Le Chronique des Arts,' the 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen,' from 1880 onwards, all in fine condition and uniformly bound, are, of course, included, and there is a very extensive collection of catalogues, handbooks, and guides to the chief national and provincial galleries and museums in all parts of France, including many which could only be procured by a diligent traveller on the spot.

In a large number of the volumes, Lady Dilke has written her name in a bold and characteristic handwriting, as for instance in 'Les Comptes des Bâtimens du Roi (1528-71) recueilli et mis en ordre par Le Marquis Léon de Laborde,' Paris, Baur, 1877. This work formed a part of the series published by the Société de l'histoire de l'Art Français.

A few of these books take us back to the time of Mark Pattison and the library at Lincoln College, Oxford, with the impressed stamp of Lady Dilke's first husband, as for example, Koberstein's 'Grundriss der Geschichte der deutschen National Litteratur,' 3 vols, Leipzig, 1847.

As an instance of an annotated book, we may mention the work entitled, 'Les Graveurs sur bois et les Imprimeurs à Lyon au XV^e Siècle,' by M. Natalis Rondot, Lyons and Paris, 1896. In this volume Lady Dilke has made copious notes concerning certain of the artists whose careers are recorded.

In some few cases the books belong to comparatively modern art periods, which had, no doubt, special features of interest to the collector. We even find here 'La Mascarade Humaine,' with some of Gavorni's best cartoons and an appreciative introduction by L. Halévy, Paris, 1881. We are told in the Memoir that in later life Lady Dilke became an admirer of Gavarni, as one of the first caricaturists who was also a great draughtsman.

Lady Dilke's book-plate, of which, by the courtesy of Sir Charles Dilke, we are able to present a facsimile, is found in nearly all her books.

This book-plate was designed, as already stated, by Lady Dilke herself. It is used in various ways, sometimes impressed in leather as a book-stamp, and also on vellum and paper. In the case of small books, only the central shield is in some instances employed.



A certain proportion of the books formerly belonging to Lady Dilke will doubtless already be contained in the National Art Library, but it will be safe to say that no finer examples of some of the rarities can form part of the national collection; indeed, even in the case of the works of reference, duplicates will be valuable to art-students. Doubt-

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less, in selecting a final home for her treasures, Lady Dilke was not unmindful of the days when she was herself a student at Kensington, and the ultimate disposal of her collection is a touching tribute to the scenes where she, no doubt, was first impressed with the love of those phases of art, to which she was throughout life so devotedly attached, and to which she rendered such important services.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

ON CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE INDULGENCES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LAMBETH PALACE, AND JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY.

THE British Museum possesses (press-mark C. 18. e. 2. | 17) a fragment of an indulgence which the cataloguer assigns, with a query, to the year 1510. It is entered under the heading 'Pardons,' in the 'Catalogue of Early English Books.' The document is a very curious one, and reads as follows:

- ☪ . . . my lord . . . gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ . . . my lorde the cardynall of saynt Malou gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ . . . my lorde the cardynall of saynt Marke gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ . . . my lorde the cardynall of Albanoyes gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ Also my lorde the cardynall of the Four crowned gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Clement gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt S . . . ryace gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Ner . . . and Achylley gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ☪ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Syerg . . . and saynt Bach gyueth an C. dayes of pardon.

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- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Marcell gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Sabyll of y^e xii. apostles gyueth an C. dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Prysce gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Johan saynt Poule gyueth an hondred dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Grysogon gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt stephen incelymōt gyueth an hondred dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Mary detrāstibre gyueth an hondred dayes of pardō.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Anastaze gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Susane gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Peter ad vicula gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Sabyne gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Theodore gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Nycholas gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of London gyueth forty dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of Wynchester gyueth forty dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of Norwyche gyueth xl dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also the foure general ordres at Rome dayly prayeth for the good state and prosperyte of all them y^t helpeth/ socoureth/ or dothe their charytable almesse vnto y^e sayd marchauntes.
- ¶ The somme of the pardons is fyue yeres and fyue

lentes/ and two thousand foure hondred and four score dayes/ and true Indulgence to euery benefactour (totiens quotiens).

Merchants are not generally objects of 'almesse,' and at first it seems remarkable that traders with so many friends of such eminence should be in need of charitable contributions. The puzzle receives a solution from a similar fragmentary indulgence preserved in the Lambeth Palace Library. This is described by Maitland,¹ and was printed in the 'British Magazine' (vol. xx, Sept., 1841, p. 260). This document is printed on a broadside headed by a woodcut of the Crucifixion, between two other woodcuts of the arms of the Pope and of the King. It had been cut and folded to form the flyleaves of a quarto volume, and is torn. What remains reads as follows (some of the contractions having been extended):

Be it knowen to all trewe Cristen people we have receyued a commaundement from our holy father pope Leo the X. of that name nowe beyng pope of Rome and xxii. Cardynalles (and also by my lorde of Caunterbury primat of Englande) and at the requiryng of our Soueraygne lorde kynge Henry the VIII. to shoue and openly declare of certayne Marchaunts taken prysoners by the Maurys and Infydels ennemyes of our Cristen faythe.

¶ Our holy father pope Leo that nowe is consyderynge that where ii. certayne Bretherne John Bussett and Richard Bussett marchaunts of Auynion in tyme of conuaynyng of theyr marchaundyse by the See to the Cytie of

¹ 'List of some of the early printed books in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth.' 1842, p. 262.

Valentyne with dyuerse other Cristen people beyng in theyr Shyppe after a longe concertayon and fyght or bateyll with manslaughter by a daye and a nyght ayenst the Maurys and the Infydels upon the See were taken by the sayd Maurys. ¶ Also our holy father consyderynge that the sayd John and Richarde by the reason of that captyuyte were conuayed and adducte to the parties of the Infydels to theyr myserable seruytute and also consyderynge that whereas the sayd Maurys bycause that they myghte exacte and extorte some Summe of money of theym dyd put the sayd John and Richarde to cruell tortures and tormentes by reason of the whiche the sayde John and Richarde so that they myght be released of so great paynes for fere of the sayd tortures and tormentes dyd promyse unto the sayde Maurys the Summe of .viii. C. large ducates of golde for theyr relaxacyon and redemption.

¶ And as the sayd John Bussett fyndyng suffycient suertie was delyuered and released onder this effecte and condycyon that he shulde gader the almyse of cristen people and to paye the foresayd summe of .viii. C. ducates and bycause the sayd John and Richarde by reason of the sayd spoylynge and robbyng and losse of theyr goodes Be made so poore that they be nat suffycient to paye the foresayde Summe without the cherytable helpe of cristen people. And also bycause the sayde John syns the tyme of his delyueraunce under the condycion abouesayd hathe been vexed with many infyrmyties and sore sykenesse and also at the tyme of these grauntes was sore vexed therefore our holy fader the pope seyng hymselfe oonly nat to be suffycient to relue all suche poore and oppressed people conuytyng the sayd John and Richard to be releued and released from theyr captyuyte and that cristen people shulde be more redyer to put theyr helpynge handes for the redemption of the sayd persones in that they shall se theymselfe plentyfully to be refresshyd with the gyfte of the heuenly grace trustyng of the mercy of

almighty God and the auctoryte of seynthe Peter and Paul and lykewyse by his owne auctoryte of his Bulle under Leade to euery cristen man and woman geuyng of theyr goodes truely gotton as often and many tymes as they shall do their cherytable almysse for the releasyng and the redempcion of the sayd John and Richarde beyng in captyuyte, hath released .vii. yeres and .vii. lentes of penaunce enioyned out of purga . . . [torn] dyng also all Archebyssshops bysshops abbottes pryours prechers of the worde of God parsones and pa . . . chapelles and other persones ecclesiasticall to whom this present wrytyng shall come under paynes and . . . ly church of Rome to publysshe in theyr churches and opyn places or cause to be publysshed these sayd . . . ly father as often as they shal be requyred by the sayd John beyng released as is aforesayd or ellys by . . .

¶ And also they to depute .ii. discrete men for to gather the meke and deuoute almysse of cristen peopl . . . and places duryng the space of .iii. yeres from his date of his Bulle which is the yere of our Lord . . . the .xxviii. daye of August and these .ii. men so deputed to haue auctoryte to gather the almysse of cristen peop . . . the sayd John so commendyd unto theym to gyue theyr ayde and fauour unto these thynges aforesayd. And that no . . . gatherer otherwyse vulgarly called pardoners be suffered in that behalfe and these .ii. men also and other deputies to gyue a good and lafull accompte of theyr receytes under the paynes and censures of the holy church of Rome as is abouesayd.

¶ Furthermore to excite all cristen people to be the more benyuolent to the foresayd charitable acte and dede .xxii. Cardynelles hath graunted as often and as many tymes as they shall do it eche one by hymselfe a. C. dayes of pardon.

¶ Also our soueraygne lorde kyng Henry the .viii. hath gyuen out his letters patentes under his brode Seale requyryng and prayinge to all theym that be his true

louers and subjectes fauourably to receyue the messengers: ferthermore hath straytly charged and comaunded to all and synguler hed offycers that is to say his Mayres Sheryffes Constables and churche Wardeynes of euery Cytie Borough and Towne as well within the lyberties as without, they to gather the almyse dedes of euery cherytable and well disposed parson and it so gaderyd to delyuer it to the sayd Collectours and . . . [torn] to haue for theyr good dede Godes blessinge and our Ladyes.

¶ Also my lord Cardynall archebyssshop of Yorke and Chauncheller of Englande hath gyuen a. C. dayes of pardon totiens quotiens.

¶ Also my lorde of Caunterbury primat of Englande hath gyuen and granted .xl. dayes of pardon titiens quotiens with his letter and seale of lycence thorowe his prouynce.

¶ *Extracta a quadam bulla apostolica et a quibusdam litteris .xxii. Cardinalicum.*

¶ God saue the Kyng

Will'mus permissione diuina Cant' Archiepiscopus totius anglie primus et apostolice sedis legatus. Uniuersis & singulis Rectoribus vicariis Capellanis Curatis et non curatis Ceterisq; sancte matris ecclesie filiis per prouinciam nostram Cant' vblibet constitutis. Salutem gratiam et ben. in Uniuersitatem vestram tenore presentium pre charitas et deuotionis intuitu rogamus et in domino exortamur quatinus cum Johannes Busset mercator Auinionen. ad vestras eccl'ias seu loca vestra accesserit xpifidelium elemosinas et alia charitatiua subsidia in reuelamen ipsius Johannis colligatis. Ipsumq; Johem omni benigno fauore recipiatis tractetis et admittatis, Eundemq; Johanem seu verum procuratorem eius priuilegia et indulgentias per sanctissimum in xpo patrem et dominum nostrum Dominum Leonema papam decimum in ea parte concessum: prout in cedula hic annexa et in linguam nostram vulgarem confectam: a

quadam bulla apostolica eiusdem Domini nostri papa Leonis decimi plenius continetur ad exponendum et declarandum in ecclesiis vestris parochialibus, intra missarumstrarum et aliorum diuinorum solennia cum maior in eisdem affuerit populi multitudo diebus dominicis et festiuis vestre plebi id annuncietis: cum ad illud per predictum Johanem seu eius procuratorem congrue fueritis exquisiti libere permittatis. Ac christifidelium elemosinas donationes et largitiones pacifice absque perturbatione colligere sinatis. Et quicquid in hac parte datum legatum siue collectum fuerit: id idem Johanni seu procuratori suo sine diminutione aliquali tradatis seu tradere faciatis absque dilatione. In cuius rei testimonium Sigillum nostrum presentibus est appensum. Ad vnum annum a die dat. presentium tantummodo durat. Dat' in manerio nostro de Lambeth. Nouissimo die mensis Maii Anno Domini M.C.C.C.C.C.xvii. Et nostre Trans. Anno xiiii.

¶ The Summe of the hole Indulgence graunted by our holy father the Pope and his Cardynalles be .iiii M. viii C. xl. dayes.

The two 'Pardons' might be thought to refer to the same unfortunate merchants, but the totals of the indulgences do not agree with each other. Nor do the separate items in each of the pardons agree with the total as stated. The larger promise is then either a second edition or a common form suggesting the existence of professional captive Christians living upon the charity of the benevolent. This suspicion is strengthened by an indulgence which is preserved in the John Rylands Library, and is attributed to the press of Pynson. It is printed on a broadside at the top of which is a picture of the Virgin and Child, flanked by the papal arms and those of England. It reads:

¶ These be the articles of the pope's
Bulle under leade | translated from
latyn into englishe. |

Our holy father pope Leo the. x. of that name unto all
cristen people that these present letters shall | see sendith
salutacion and thapostolýque blissyng. |

¶ Almyghtygod our creatour and redemptour to thentent
he wolde delyuer mankynde from the thraldom and
boundes | of our goostlye ennymye y^e deuyll, was con-
tentyd to sende downe into erth his onlye gotten sone to
be endewyde with y^e nature of man | for mannys redēp-
cion. By whose example, our sayd holy father beyng
moued, enforsith hymselfe with all studye, for to delyuer
from | the yooke of seruitude all those cristen people, whiche
for the worshýppyng of cristys feyth in the miserable
bōudage of the ennymyes | of cristys feithe be op-
pressed. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father hath understande y^t his
welbelouyd chylde Johñ Sargy of Corfu layman of the
diocys of Athenis, be- | ynge borne of an noble progeny,
with his two bretherne passyng by shyp, upon the see of
Egey, towards the Ile of Creta, was taken by | certayne
turkes robbers upon the see and brought by them unto
myserable seruytude and boundage. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father declareth how that the sayd
Johñ Sargy was delyuered from y^e sayd seruytude (his sayd
two brethern | abydyng still in captyuytie) for whose re-
dempcyon and raunsome thre hundreth ducates of golde
large was ordeyned for to be payed | voto the sayd turkes,
whiche by reason of theyr pouertie, they be nat able for to
paye. Wherefore greatly it is to be dred that onlesse In |
breue tyme the sayd prysoners be comforted in that byhalfe
with y^e deuout almes of cristen people, they beyng nat
able longe to suffre | the paynes of so cruell thraldome
shall be compelled for to denye the name of Jesu criste and
his holy cristen religion. |

¶ Wherefore our sayd holy father usynge the rowme in erth of our sauour criste Jesu, who of his pytie and mekenes rewardith all de- | uout almoses and mercyfull gyftes by oon hundreth folde. And gyueth unto his trew people moche more than they can deserue, gladly | moueth all trewe cristen people unto the warkes of pytie, by indulgences and remyssions of synnes, to thentent, that they may be more | apte unto the fauours of god, and also by meane of theyr temporall gyftes they may deserue to obteyne the rewardes of eternall helthe. |

¶ Our sayd holy father therfore desyrynge that the sayd prysoners shulde be delyuered from the sayd cruell seruytude, and that cristen | people may more gladly putto theyr helpynge handes for theyr redempcion for that, that they shall perceyue them selfe to be refresshed | more plentyously by the gyftes of heuynly grace, trustynge upon the mercy of almyghty god, and thauctoryte of Peter and Paule his | holy apostels, unto all & euerytrewe cristen people bothe man & woman trewly penytent and confessyd, the whiche unto the sayd Johñ | Sargy, or unto any honest man that by hym shall be deputed, wyll put theyr helpynge handes of theyr lafull goodes after theyr de- | uocion for the redemyng of the sayd prysoners, as often times as they do so, mercyfully graunteth .xv. yeres and as many lentes of | pardon and indulgence, in remission of theyr synnes. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father cōmaundeth all Patriarches archebysshops & bysshops under payne of interdiccion of enterynge y^e chur | che, and all Abbottes, Priors, Plebaynes, Person and, Uycars of parrisshe churches, and prechers of the worde of god, and other spi | rituall persons unto whom these present letters shall come under payne of the sentence of excōmunycacion that they publysshe or cause to be publysshed the sayd letters, in theyr churches, whan the moost people be theyr accompanied to here the deuyne seruyce, and as | often tymes as they shall be requyred therunto upon the sayd Johñs partye. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father cōmaundeth that in euery parryshe, where y^e sayd Johñ shall come, two honest and credyble psons shall be deputed by the sayd curates, whiche, by the way of pytie and charyte, shall gether the almes and deuocion of people, and the same so gethered they shall trewly delyuer unto the sayd Johñ or his deputis, and ferther helpe and fauour them as apperteyneth. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father inhybyteth and cōmaundeth, euery man what degre or estate so euer he be of, and also the cōmissaries deputed for the buyldynge of saynt Peters church in Rome that they ne any of them trouble moleste or let the forsayd Johñ or his deputies in this ther present cause. Whiche his holynes wyll nat, to be comprised in any reuocacion or suspencion of lyke indulgence made in that by halfe by his holynes and the holy see apostolyque though all the sayd reuocacion be made in fauour of the sayd buyldynge of saynt Peters church in Rome, and the forsayd letters of indulgence his holynes wyll, do stande in strengthe and effect only for the terme of foure yeres next and imediately folowyng the date of the same. Whiche is gyuen at Rome y^e yere of the incarnation of our lorde Jesu criste. M.CCCCC.xvi. the .xii. day before the kalenders of June the fourth yere of our sayd holy father the pope.

¶ Here foloweth in englysshe the contentes of the kyngs moste honorable letters patentes of proteccion under his great seale. |

¶ It hath pleased the kyngs moste noble grace not only moued with pytie and compassion towardes the redempcion & delyueraunce of the aboue named prysoners from the seruytude and thraldome of the abouesayd turkes ennymies to the name & relygion of criste but also ryght entierly exorted and required unto the same by the popes holynes hath acceptyd and taken the fornamyd Johñ Sargy proctour for hym & his sayd bretherne his ser-

uauntes and goodes into his moste royall & graciouse protection & defence, whereso euer | he or they shall come within this realme, requiryng all Bysshopes, Abbottes, Priors, Persons, Vycars and other spirituall per | sonages, in whose churches the sayd Johñ or his deputes shall come, thankfully taccept and admytte them in that byhalfe. And also | straytly cōmūadeth all his Sheryfes Mayres & other his officers and subgettes tempall, that they shall mayntayne defende and ayde | the sayd Johñ, his deputes and seruauntes and goodes where so euer they shall come, for alyuyng and getheryng of almes, & chary- | table gyftes of cristen people in this byhalfe, and that his sayd officers and subgettes shall nat do unto them any iniury hurte molestacion trouble or greif, but shall let the same to be done by any other, and if any suche malyciouse demeanour be cōmyttede agaynste hym | his sayd deputes or seruauntes, than they shall se it spedely and without delay dewly corrected, as more playnly it is expressed in his | moste graciouse letters patentes under his great seall therupon made. Dated at his palace of westmynster the .xxvi. day of Oçtobre in | the .x. yere of his reygne. Whiche letters of his sayd most royall & graciouse pteccion his hyghnes wyll, that after one hole yere next | ensuyng the date herof shall be voyde and of none effect. |

Archbishop Warham is regarded as liberal in the issue of indulgences, and Hook offers a curious reason for this. 'Against the chance of opposition, in England, to the sale of indulgences,' he says, 'Leo X had taken due precaution. A fourth of the money, if not a third, arising from the sale of indulgences, represented as an act of mercy as well as a piety, was granted to Henry VIII.'¹

Pardons, genuine or fictitious, were very com-

¹ Hook, "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," vi, 342.

mon at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, and were one of the causes that led to the controversy of the Reformation. The Chetham Library possesses a broadside indulgence, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in favour of the benefactors of the building of St. George's Church, Southwark ('Halliwell Broad-sides,' No. 2193). From Mr. A. W. Pollard I learn that another copy of the indulgence in favour of John Sargy is in the British Museum, pressmark C. 18. c. 2. (8). In the same volume of fragments (No. 49) there is also a portion of an indulgence, printed by Faques, granted by Leo X to the contributories to the ransom (2,000 ducats) of a certain Sir John Pyllet, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. This also is confirmed by Letters Patent of Henry VIII. A list of these English indulgences, including those in books—the 'Fifteen Oes,' for example—would be very useful. The sale of indulgences was a frequent and favourite subject for the satirists.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE most interesting novel published in France during the last three months is undoubtedly Marcelle Tinayre's 'La Rebelle.' While it lacks the poetry and charm, and perhaps the deeper feeling of 'La Maison du Péché,' and the romantic atmosphere and beautiful prose of 'François Barbazanges,' it gets nearer to actual life. It is, I suppose, what would be technically called a feminist novel. Its main thesis is the right of the economically independent woman to arrange her emotional life as she pleases, and to be permitted the same moral latitude as a man. Here is a striking passage which sets forth the matter very clearly:

Que le travail des femmes soit un bien ou un mal, je l'ignore, et l'avenir seul nous le dira, mais c'est une nécessité que la femme subit sans l'avoir désirée, c'est un fait qui s'impose et qu'il nous faut accepter avec toutes ses conséquences. Et la plus importante de toutes, c'est la révolution morale qui paraît être l'effet et non la cause de la révolution économique.

Ce n'est point parceque la femme s'est affranchie moralement qu'elle a souhaité conquérir son indépendance matérielle. A l'usine, à l'atelier, au magasin, au bureau, à l'école, au laboratoire, elle eût préféré peut-être l'amour protecteur de l'homme et les tendres servitudes du foyer. Mais l'homme a fermé son foyer à la fille pauvre. Et la fille

pauvre qui repugne à se vendre et ne consent pas à mourir de faim a essayé de vivre hors du foyer, sans le secours de l'homme. Elle est donc allé où elle pouvait gagner sa vie. . . . Elle s'est aperçue, alors, qu'elle avait mérité qu'elle pouvait conquérir autre chose que le pain quotidien, les vêtements, et les logis : l'indépendance morale, le droit de penser, de parler, d'agir, d'aimer à sa guise, ce droit que l'homme avait toujours pris et qu'il lui avait refusé toujours.

Josanne Valentin married young. Very soon her husband becomes a chronic invalid, and she is forced to earn her own and his living as a journalist. Under these circumstances she thinks she has a right to happiness, and happiness with a Frenchwoman seems generally a synonym for a lover. Josanne carries on an intrigue with a young man and has a child by him. The boy passes as the son of her husband, who has no suspicion that all is not quite correct. But the lover grows cool, and finally marries. By chance Josanne has to review for her journal a book by Noël Delysle, 'La Travailleuse,' from which the above passage is quoted. His interest is awakened by her criticism; he seeks out the critic, and falls in love with her. But although the sick husband dies, and all connection with the former lover is entirely broken, Noël does not find it easy to put his theory into practice. He is jealous, as any ordinary man would be, of Josanne's past, and the latter part of the book is a mere description of his mental and emotional struggles. But in the end he manages to quiet his scruples and marries Josanne in the ordinary way. Conventions are hard to overcome. A

woman who disregards them is indeed fortunate if she finds a man, no matter how great his affection for her, willing to disregard them too. But it will be many a long day before the history of Josanne and Noël becomes that of the average man, and of the woman who earns her living. The book strikes a new note in fiction, and the theme is one that admits of much more discussion.

In 'L'Ecolière' Léon Frapié gives a volume of short stories chiefly about the very poor of Paris or about small official life. He is less happy in this *genre* than he was in his longer book, 'La Maternelle.' His short stories have a way of degenerating into anecdotes, interesting enough, but not deserving the name of literature. The title-story is perhaps one of the best. A mother who is in prison writes a letter to her ten-year old daughter, who is at home looking after the younger children, finding considerable fault, clear as it is that the little girl is simply accomplishing wonders. The irony of the situation is seen in the following extracts from the correspondence. 'Tâchez-donc,' writes the mother to her children, 'd'être plus raisonnables—et peut-être que, dès mon retour, je vous donnerai encore une petite sœur. Et pourtant vous ne le méritez guère.' To which the daughter replies: 'Pour ce qui est, d'une petite sœur, nous aurions préféré un poêle en remplacement du nôtre, qui est tout démoli; nous avons eu si froid, l'hiver dernier! Mais comme tu dis: ou a plus vite une petite sœur qu'une paire de chaussures neuves.'

In 'La Ménagère,' a sketch almost equally good,

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Dubour, a small official, is known by his colleagues to be completely ruled at home by his *ménagère* whom they naturally take to be a hectoring wife. None of them, however, have seen her. When asked to accompany them on some evening expedition of pleasure, he invariably replied: 'Merci, impossible—la ménagère m'attend à l'heure exacte.' But on one occasion he was prevailed on to join them, and drinking more than was good for him, one of his friends took him home, and so discovered the *ménagère* to be his twelve-year old daughter.

'Jesse und Maria. Ein Roman aus dem Donaulande,' by E. von Handel-Mazzetti, has curiously enough attracted almost more attention in France than in the land of its birth. Henri Brémond devoted two long articles to it in the periodical 'Demain.' It is a religious novel, and Brémond hails its advent thus:

Avec 'Jesse und Maria,' le roman catholique brise ses chaînes, sort joyeusement de la prison d'ennui, de banalité et de pieux mensonge où il languit depuis si longtemps et devant laquelle tant de solides préjugés montaient la garde. Pas de sermons dans ce livre courageux, pas de controverses mal déguisées . . . mais seulement une œuvre d'art, comme 'Adam Bede' et le 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' un roman d'observation attentive et de vérité profonde, une œuvre vivante, jeune, harmonieuse comme une fresque de Gozzoli.

While unable wholly to endorse this somewhat extravagant praise, I must confess that the book is deeply interesting, and its simplicity of treatment and style savour of true genius. The time is 1658;

the place, the old town of Pechlarn on the Danube. Protestantism is kept down by oppressive edicts, but has many adherents even among the nobles, although they fear exile too much to own it. But not so Jesse. Heedless of the imperial decrees, he studies at the High School of Wittenberg, is married in his own castle according to the Protestant rite, and plans to bring over the whole neighbourhood to Protestantism. His enthusiasm, his youth, win him all hearts except one, that of Maria, the forester's wife. She feels instinctively that Jesse is robbing her husband and herself of their faith. The young noble is determined to put down image-worship, and the image of the Virgin, a miracle-working picture, presented by the forester as a thank-offering for recovery from a severe illness, is especially obnoxious to Jesse; he sees in it all he is struggling against, and regards it as a personal enemy. His supporters even do not desire to get rid of it. But Jesse is led to mean actions; he makes use of the forester's needs, and promises to pay his debts if he will deliver up the image. Maria learns what is toward, and determines to prevent it at all costs. As none of their relatives will advance the money required, she goes to the Jesuit College at Krems, denounces Jesse to the Rector, and asks for the commission against heretics to be sent to Pechlarn. It comes. Jesse is brought to trial, and sees that there is no help for him. In his rage he shoots at the presiding abbot. The wound is not mortal, but all the same Jesse is condemned to death. Maria, in the hope of saving his soul, visits him in prison. But Jesse cares for nothing except

to have the news of his young wife's safe confinement before he dies. His grief subdues Maria. She goes to his wife, finds she has just been delivered of a son, but cannot herself feed him, and no one will nurse the child of the godless heretic. Then Maria takes him to her own breast. She hastens to the condemned cell with her news and Jesse no longer regards her as his enemy, but as the woman who has saved his child. He sees that he has acted wrongly in attempting to rob the people of their faith, and goes to death as atonement for his sin. And thus do the common feelings of humanity triumph over religious controversy and persecution. The sincerity of the author, who is a woman, is undoubted, and all the characters live.

To adopt a child is a dangerous experiment that too often ends in failure. Clara Viebig brings out that aspect of a thorny problem in her latest novel, 'Einer Mutter Sohn.' She there depicts a married couple with everything to make them happy except children. They adopt a boy, son of a peasant woman of the Eifel district, and bring him up as their own child. But although they took the boy when a year-old baby, and carefully kept from him the history of his origin, nature or heredity was too strong, and his coarse-grained temperament and inherited longing for the free country life never permitted him to acquiesce in the refined life of his foster-parents, and it was loss and failure on all sides. At length, having given himself up to the coarsest forms of dissipation, he died at the age of twenty. The book is less interesting, less successful than is usual with this author. There are

signs of effort; a gloominess that becomes at times oppressive pervades the narrative.

Wilhelm Hegeler's new novel is a disappointment. In 'Flammen,' and 'Pastor Klinghammer,' he had made a distinct advance in his art, but in 'Pietro der Corsar und die Jüdin Cheirinca,' the movement is as distinctly retrograde. It is a blood and thunder story of theatrical pirates and their women captives. It does not relate their adventures, but only the ways and customs of their home life, if such it can be called, in the intervals. No one of the characters is alive or interesting. Hegeler understands the psychology of the modern man and woman better than that of mediæval pirates and robbers.

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It is a curious coincidence that two modern philosophical works inculcating an almost identical doctrine should have appeared simultaneously, one in France, the other in Sweden. Jules de Gaultier in 'Les Raisons de l'Idéalisme' discusses the conception of substituting the aesthetic for the ethical idea as a principal of justification of existence. He is here only carrying further the theories of his former works, 'Le Bovarysme' and 'La fiction universelle,' to both of which I have referred in former articles. There he dwelt on the power and desire of the human being, 'se concevoir autre,' *i.e.*, to imagine himself to be something different from what he actually is, and pointed out that that desire or power was really the basis of all human action. He concludes his new volume with the reflection that 'sous le jour de l'idéalisme, le fait

de se concevoir autre se montre la forme de toute existence possible.' Throughout he opposes to the ethical sense the spectacular sense. He explains the spectacular sense thus: 'C'est tout plaisir pris à la considération de quelque événement indépendamment de son rapport avec les modes directs de notre sensibilité ou de notre intérêt.'

It is, of course, not possible to treat the subject in detail here. Gaultier begins by criticizing the methods and views of his predecessors. He examines metaphysics and the dualist systems; metaphysics and the monist systems; metaphysics of matter; metaphysics of thought; Berkeley's idealism. He then passes on to idealism and the sensible reality; the extreme logic of idealism. Two fascinating chapters deal respectively with the 'rationalism of illusion,' and 'idealism and science.' Gaultier uses rationalism in the same sense as Kant uses pure reason. Gaultier is worth studying from beginning to end by all students and lovers of philosophy. He seems to get nearer than most to the needs of our own time, to the solving of some of the metaphysical questions that occupy the minds of most serious thinking persons at the present day.

Ellen Key, the distinguished Swedish writer, and author of perhaps the best study of the Brownings that has so far appeared, is equally modern in her philosophical views, and her latest book, 'Der Lebensglaube: Betrachtungen über Gott, Welt und Seele,' will certainly add to her reputation as a thinker. Like Gaultier she is fond of substituting new lamps for old, and the most striking chapter in the book is perhaps that entitled: 'Das Glück

als Pflicht' (Happiness as Duty). She chooses as motto Spinoza's maxim, 'Joy is perfection.' Her arguments are most interesting and convincing: the greater joy we feel, the more perfect are we, the larger share we have in the divine unity; everyone has a right to the happiness he can command, but its worth depends on the kind of happiness he chooses; he who can live in the fullest sense in accordance with his nature, is not only himself the happiest, but also the most useful to others; while unnecessary self-sacrifice is to be avoided—it is absurd to fulfil a duty at the cost of one's own happiness which is not essential for the happiness of another—every true seeker after happiness knows that perfection is not to be attained without suffering, nor progress without sacrifice. When young people ask their elders: What shall we do in order to make ourselves useful? Tell them to be seekers after happiness, for such are the strength, health, and beauty of a nation. And the future of the nation evolves above all from the desire of its youth for happiness; but let them be sure first to seek their own happiness.

For only through his own complete and powerful desire for happiness will a man be filled with sympathy for the unhappiness of others. Only through his own demands for happiness and the satisfaction of those demands does a man know something of the demands of others. Only he to whom it is a delight to satisfy his bodily hunger will satisfy that of others so that they actually have enough. Only he who satisfactorily quenches his own thirst for knowledge will be able to quench that of others so that they are really refreshed. Only he who seeks the sources

of joy to be found in nature and art will delight in rendering it possible to others to experience such delights fully and wholly. Only he who has possessed love with his whole being, or has desired to possess it, will do his utmost to make it possible for other men to realize their love. Only he who unceasingly endeavours to increase his desire for happiness will, when he has to choose between his own happiness and that of the rest of mankind, have the strength to choose the latter.

There is perhaps, it may be objected, nothing very new in all this. But it is set out in an attractive, interesting manner, and engenders thought in those who read it. Other chapters deal with the decay of Christianity; the change in the idea of God; the creed of life; the evolution of the soul through the art of living; eternity or immortality.

Henri Brémond is already known in England by his delightful study of Thomas More. His latest publication is 'Newman; Essai de biographie psychologique,' and we may mention, by the way, that he has in preparation a study of 'George Eliot. Sa vie, son œuvre, et sa doctrine.' A few sentences from the preface will sufficiently show the aim of the book on Newman: 'prédicateur, romancier, controversiste, philosophe, poète.' 'Sauf un chapitre de pure critique littéraire, on n'a pas d'autre objet, dans le présent livre, que d'esquisser le portrait et que de décrire la vie intime de Newman. . . . Il ne s'agit ni de construire ni de discuter une théorie, mais de sonder une âme.' The book consists of an introduction, four parts, and an epilogue. Full honour is paid to Newman as writer and preacher. Brémond observes in the latter con-

nection that there are indications that the French clergy will soon renounce the oratorical formulae on which Christian eloquence has lived so long, and of which it is dying. To guide them in the new way, Brémond continues, to learn how to keep at an equal distance from the ancient and the modern rhetoric, from the academic sermon and the blustering lecture, they can have no better master than Newman. Brémond seals Newman of the company of Bossuet and Bourdaloue. He concludes a very interesting analysis—and, indeed, a very remarkable one as coming from a foreigner—of Newman's prose style with the highest praise of 'cette phrase admirable, fluide comme celle de Renan et de Sainte-Beuve, abondante et harmonieuse comme celle de Malebranche, solide comme celle de Bossuet.' Brémond's work is a study of much originality.

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English history and economics seem to interest foreign authors. Dr. Moritz Julius Bonn has been studying in Ireland the history of the English colonization of Ireland, and finding that Irish history so far was written by poets, fanatics, and party politicians, he has published himself a work in two volumes, 'Die Englische Kolonisation in Irland.' His object is to consider critically the methods of the English colonial policy in Ireland. He begins with the colonization of the Anglo-Normans and ends in 1848. It is a very careful study of the subject, and much information is packed into a small compass. Georges Lecarpentier has made a

study of 'La question agraire d'Ecosse et les Crofters,' which he publishes in the 'Bibliothèque du Musée Social'; and Paul Mantoux, in 'La Révolution Industrielle au XVIII^e Siècle. Essai sur les commencements de la grande industrie moderne en Angleterre,' points out how modern industry was born in England in the last third of the eighteenth century, and traces its rapid growth to its remotest causes.

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A complete collection of the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse to M. Guibert is now available in the 'Correspondance entre Mademoiselle de Lespinasse et le Comte de Guibert publiée pour la première fois d'après le texte original,' by the Comte de Villeneuve-Guibert. It is not a new edition but a first complete edition. The volume forms an indispensable pendant to the Marquis de Ségur's admirable book on Mlle. de Lespinasse, which I mentioned in my last article. All the passages suppressed in the original edition of 1809 are here reproduced, with twenty unpublished letters in addition, and a certain number of letters, also never before published, from M. Guibert to Mlle. de Lespinasse. The book is marred by the absence of both index and table of contents. I cannot here, fascinating as the task would be, criticize the letters. It has been done hundreds of times; I will only say that the unpublished letters still further accentuate the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse, the nature of her relations with Guibert, and the fact that her passion was much stronger than his.

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Books about Rousseau are never ceasing, 'ce petit bourgeois qui fit de la botanique et remua le monde.' It seems curious nowadays that anyone should deem it necessary to defend Rousseau, but M. Brédif, the author of 'Du caractère intellectuel et moral de Jean-Jacques Rousseau étudié dans sa vie et ses écrits,' states that we ought to respect him even while blaming him because 'il fut courageux vis-à-vis des hommes dans la pensée de leur être utile.' The book is a sort of biography of Rousseau's soul drawn from the *Emile*, the *Confessions* and the *Correspondence*. It is well done and should prove interesting to those who desire to probe farther into Rousseau's mind and heart, a somewhat thankless and surely a somewhat needless task.

The following recently published books deserve attention:

'Histoire de la Peinture Française au XIX^{me} Siècle, 1801-1900. Par André Fontainas.'

A useful and interesting survey of the subject beginning with Louis David and his time. Ingres and Delacroix are next dealt with, as also the landscape painters from Corot to Daubigny and J. F. Millet. The later painters are described in two chapters, 'Realists and Impressionists' and 'The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century.'

'Les registres de Nicolas IV, 1288-1292. Recueil des Bulles de ce Pape publiées ou analysées d'après le manuscrit original des archives du Vatican. Vol. II. Par Ernest Langlois.'

One of the volumes, indispensable to students of history, published in the 'Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de

300 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Rome,' under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction. Six works of a similar kind have already been published, and ten others are in course of preparation by competent editors.

'Mon Ambassade en Allemagne, 1872-73. With preface and notes by André Dreux.'

The ambassador was the Vicomte de Gontant-Biron, posted at Berlin during a critical and difficult period. The book contains nothing very new, perhaps, but it helps to supplement such works as 'Occupation et libération du territoire,' published under the care of the Thiers family.

'Denkwürdigkeiten des Markgrafen Wilhelm von Baden. Vol. I. 1792-1818. Bearbeiter von Karl Obser.' Published by the Baden Historical Commission.

'Briefe des Generals der Infanterie von Voigts-Rhetz aus den Kriegsjahren 1866 & 1870-71.' Edited by his nephew, Dr. A. von Voigt-Rhetz.

The letters were written to his wife. The book, like the two just mentioned, forms a sort of supplement to the study of history on its main lines.

'La Fondation de l'Empire Allemand (1852-1871). Par Ernest Denis.'

An attempt, in which on the whole the author is successful, to give a general picture of the life of Germany from 1851 to 1871, taking in all the various sides—political, literary, economic—and thereby indicating the conditions which prepared and determined the formation of German unity.

'La Littérature Italienne d'aujourd'hui. Par Maurice Muret.'

A capital guide to a subject of which too little is known outside Italy.

ELIZABETH LEE.

PATRONS AND PROFESSIONAL WRITERS UNDER ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

The priest unpaide can neither sing nor say,
Nor poets sweetlie write excepte they meete
With sounde rewarde, for sermoning so sweete.¹

THE prevalence of a system of literary patronage has usually coincided with the existence of a despotic or at least highly aristocratic and centralized constitution of society. In such a society alone is the bounty of individual benefactors a necessity. In a community where power and wealth are widely distributed, and literary culture within general reach, there are contrived, almost inevitably, means of rewarding literary genius, based upon the fact of its ability to please large classes of men. Thus Thucydides, to whom the general vote of the Athenian citizens decreed at one time a public gift of £2,400, could afford to be independent of individual benefactors. A more commercial age, like our own, makes even its works of genius articles of merchandise, and substitutes for a gratuitous reward the market value of an edition.

On the other hand, among conditions such as

¹ Lodge: 'A Fig for Momus,' Eclogue III.

prevailed at Alexandria under the early Ptolemies, in Rome under Augustus, and in the Italy of the despots, the patron of literature is a necessity. There we find a comparatively small, wealthy, cultured society, under the leadership of men to whom the gratification of literary tastes is a luxury for which they are willing to pay with munificence. And it must be confessed that in such a society literary genius has flourished at least as well as in communities of more wide-spread culture. The list of writers who profited by the enlightened liberality of such patrons as Ptolemy, Augustus, Maecenas, Messala, Lorenzo de Medici, Alfonso of Naples, and Pope Nicholas V, includes some of the most renowned names in literature.

In England the circle of cultivated aristocrats has at all times been far smaller than in Renaissance Italy, nor have we ever been ruled by a monarch who could compare in taste and liberality with the great Italian humanist princes. The Teutonic custom of befriending and honouring genius in the person of the scôp, was, it is true, handed down to later times by rulers such as Alfred, and Henry Beauclerc; and this was, in the fourteenth century, reinforced by the example of Italy. But the practice was confined, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, to the monarch, the royal family, and some of the greater ecclesiastical dignitaries. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, influenced again, no doubt, by the example of Italy, we find a more general recognition, on the part of the nobility, of their obligations as patrons of literature. But the conditions of society differed widely from those of England

of the fourteenth century or Italy of the fifteenth. New commercial ideals, more widespread education, and the rise of a public—if not literary, at least interested in reading, all tended to disturb the relation between patron and man of letters, hitherto accepted as natural. The reigns of Elizabeth and James mark a gradual disintegration of the aristocratic system of literary patronage, and the beginnings of economic independence on the part of the writer. Like all economic transitions, this was attended with very painful experiences for those concerned—both patrons and protégés. Neither side realized the drift of circumstances, and efforts were aimed at the conservation of a dying system, which, rightly directed, might have facilitated the introduction of the new. We shall find that, all through the Elizabethan period, patronage was regarded as the one goal for the writer; hoped for, struggled after, all the more feverishly, because of a sense of its precariousness.

Moreover, apart from the influence of tradition, it was inevitable that literary production, so far as it existed, should still subsist chiefly upon patronage. Books were only just beginning to be recognized in the world of trade, and, in that age, all that fell outside the sphere of buying and selling at recognized prices was matter of patronage. Patronage ruled in every walk of life. The halls of great men, the courtyards of country gentlemen, the antechambers of the court,¹ were thronged with suitors, pleading for every conceivable kind of gift, from the office of

¹ G. Goodman: 'Court of James I' (ed. 1839), i. 320.

Groom of the Chamber to Her Majesty to the honourable employment of turnspit in a country kitchen. The elaborate mechanism of Civil Service Examinations, promotion by seniority, and registration, which now shields greatness from the importunate, was as yet undreamt-of; and the poet who wanted a sinecure or a dedication fee had to urge his claims personally amidst a crowd of rival applicants. No party government stood in need of his services, as in the time of the more fortunate Addison; no host of periodicals opened their pages to his facile productions, as now; he must gain a patron or renounce his profession. Not a single writer who persevered in his vocation was free from obligations to patrons. Again and again they tell us that patronage alone can save, or has saved them from sheer want. Massinger declares that he could not have subsisted without the support of his patrons;¹ Nash openly entreats that some one will find him meat and maintenance, that he may 'play the paper stainer';² Lodge depicts a recognized type in his portrait of the unfortunate poet, driven by lack of patronage to forsake poetry for the plough.³

The old form of patronage, as experienced by Chaucer and Gower, was a substantial and satisfactory thing. It provided a sufficient income and permanent connection with an exalted family, ensuring protection and affording prestige. It de-

¹ 'Maid of Honour' (Ded.).

² 'Have with you to Saffron Walden.' 'Works' (ed. Grosart), iii. 42.

³ 'Fig for Momus,' Ecl. iii.

manded in return the production of literary works of interest and artistic value, with, possibly, the performance of some few more or less routine or occasional duties, not infrequently delegated. The writer himself was an honoured servant, regarded as reflecting glory upon his patron, and providing for him the highest form of refined pleasure. If the poet ever had to ask, he asked as one possessing a claim; if he suffered vicissitudes, it was that he shared those of his patron.

Times had changed, however, as even Skelton had had to realize, half a century earlier. In Elizabethan days it is rare to find the tie between patron and protégé so close and permanent. The names of those writers who were so fortunate as to meet with lifelong patronage are few indeed: Ascham, Daniel, Jonson—it is doubtful whether another could be found. Even in the case of these favoured three there are signs enough that their needs were but inadequately met. Ascham, in a suit to the queen the year before his death, asks no more than to be enabled to leave £20 a year to each of his two sons, 'Which,' he declares, 'will satisfy my desire, although as small a portion as ever secretary to a prince left behind him.'¹ Jonson was driven more than once to sell part of his library, and grieves that his fortune humbles him to accept even the smallest courtesies with gratitude.² By far the most fortunate seems to have been Samuel Daniel. He finds no more serious complaint to make than that, being employed as a tutor, he is 'constrained to live with

¹ 'Cal. State Papers,' Dom. Add., pt. 41. Oct. 10, 1567.

² 'To Sackville,' Underwoods.

children, when he should be writing 'the actions of *men*.'¹

The most enlightened and generous patrons of literature known to us were various noble men and women who group themselves around the central figure of Sir Philip Sidney. Though a poor man, Sidney was a devoted lover of the beautiful, and a true friend to the literary artist. Men of letters had special reason to share the almost idolatrous feeling with which he was regarded by his contemporaries. He is honoured with gratitude by nearly every writer of the times, and held up to public view as the ideal patron. Nash gave utterance to the general sentiment when he penned the following lament:

'Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what belonged to a Scholler, thou knewest what paines, what toile, what travell, conduct to perfection: wel couldst thou give every virtue his encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert, cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyselfe. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the Sonn of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plentie, which thy bountie erst planted.'²

Philip's sister Mary, the wife of W. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, shared his tastes, and continued, as far as possible, the patronage of his many literary protégés after his early death. Spenser dedicated to her one of the sonnets prefixed to his 'Faery Queene'; Breton expresses passionate devotion to

¹ From a letter to Lord Keeper Egerton, prefixed to a presentation folio of Daniel's works, 1601. See Grosart's ed., i, 10.

² 'Pierce Penilesse,' 1592. Works, ii, 12.

her for having succoured him when in distress; ¹ Daniel acknowledges that she 'first encouraged and framed' him to the service of the Muses, ² and urged him to the choice of higher themes; Abraham Fraunce wrote two poems for her; ³ Nash praises her without stint. ⁴ She was evidently, like her brother, a genuine friend to literary art.

Her son, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, inherited the tastes of his mother and uncle. He was educated in the love of poetry by his mother's wise choice of Samuel Daniel as his tutor; and many literary men later on owed him gratitude for kindnesses. The poet William Browne lived with him at Wilton; he befriended George Herbert and the dramatist Massinger; John Florio was 'under heavy obligations to him'; Davison, Chapman, Breton, and John Taylor dedicated works to him; Donne was his intimate friend. But the most interesting fact in connection with him is his relation to Shakespeare. To him and his brother Philip was dedicated the famous First Folio of 1623, and he is stated by the editors to have 'prosecuted both them (*i.e.*, the works) and their author with much favour'! On this statement has been based a further conjecture that this same William Herbert is the celebrated 'Mr. W. H.' to whom the Sonnets were dedicated—a conjecture not yet completely abandoned. He was of a most generous and attractive nature, like his uncle, as is shown by

¹ 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' 1592 (Ded.).

² 'Defence of Rime,' 1609. Ded. to Earl of Pembroke.

³ The Countess of Pembroke's 'Ivychurch' and 'Emanuel.'

⁴ Preface to 'Astrophel and Stella,' 1591.

the following passage in a contemporary private letter: 'My Lord of Pembroke did a most noble act, like himself; for the king having given him all Sir Gervase Elwaies estate, which came to above £1,000 per annum, he freely bestowed it on the widow and her children.'¹ Every New Year's Day the Earl used to send Ben Jonson £20 to buy books.²

Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, Sidney's daughter, does not seem to have inherited much of his interest in literature. At any rate, though she befriended Jonson, he does not appear enthusiastic about her as a patroness of the arts. He makes appeal to her noble father's memory to stimulate her zeal for letters, reminding her that it would be a sin against her 'great father's spirit' did she not inherit his love unto the Muses.³

Sidney's uncle, the famous Earl of Leicester, was a generous patron of scholars—though preferring those of learned rather than of artistic bent, and especially favouring Puritanical writers. He was friendly to Roger Ascham, whose son Dudley was Leicester's godson; and we are told that many persons were enabled by his generosity to pursue their studies. Works were dedicated to him by Greene, Florio, Edward Hake, and Spenser.⁴ A particular interest, that of mystery, attaches to Leicester's relations with Spenser, as hinted at in the enigmatic dedica-

¹ James Howell: 'Letters,' March 1, 1618.

² Masson: 'Drummond of Hawthornden,' p. 100.

³ 'To Eliz. Countess of Rutland' ('The Forest').

⁴ Greene's 'Planetomachia,' 1585; Florio's 'First Fruits,' 1598; Hake's 'News out of Poules Churchyarde'; Spenser's 'Vergil's Gnat,' publ. 1595, 'long since dedicated.'

tion of the translation of 'Virgil's Gnat' to the great nobleman. The little gnat, eager to save the life of a sleeping husbandman, towards whom a 'hideous snake' is making its way, makes use of his only means, his little sting, to awaken the sleeper—and is brushed aside and slain by his first hasty movement. The husbandman is Leicester, the gnat is his humble friend Spenser, who thus allegorically alludes to their relations:

Wrong'd yet not daring to expresse my paine,
 To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
 In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine
 Unto yourselfe, that onely privie are.
 But if that any Oedipus unaware
 Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright
 To reade the secret of this riddle rare,
 And know the purport of my evil plight
 Let him rest pleased with his own insight.

But whatso by myselfe may not be showne,
 May by this gnat's complaint be easily knowen.

In the latter part of the poem the ghost of the gnat appears to the husbandman, and reproaches him for the death, which has exiled him from all joy into the 'waste wilderness' of Hades.

Is Spenser referring to his own exile, far from all the joys of cultivated society, in Irish wilds? Was the patronage of Leicester, which sent the poet to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Grey, in reality a convenient mode of freeing himself from a man to whom he owed too much? The riddle is still undeciphered.

Elizabeth's other chief favourite, the Earl of

Essex, was also the recipient of many dedications, and much eulogy from literary men. He was himself something of a poet, a masque-writer, and an artist. It was he who took upon himself the cost of Spenser's funeral; and he was intimate with the Earl of Southampton, Shakespere's friend and patron.

Southampton was probably, after Sidney, the most discerning and generous of all the aristocratic patrons of literature at the opening of the seventeenth century. He was devoted to the drama; at one time, when in disgrace, filling his abundant leisure by 'going to plays nearly every day.' He was a generous friend to Nash, Barnabe Barnes, Markham, Florio, Minshew, and Daniel; and he is eulogized by innumerable writers, including Chapman, Sylvester, Wither, Brathwaite, Sir J. Beaumont and Henry Lok. His relations with Shakespere must have been intimate; there is a perceptible difference of tone between the two dedications (of 'Venus and Adonis' and of 'Lucrece') addressed to him by the great poet; the later of the two clearly expressing not so much gratitude as personal affection. It is most probable that he, and not Pembroke, is the friend who is addressed in the sonnets.

Other noble benefactors must be passed over lightly. Most famous is Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the literary daughter of a literary father, Sir John Harington. During the reign of James I she was the favourite patroness of the literary world, generously helpful to many, and receiving from writers of acknowledged prominence, such as Dray-

ton, Daniel, Jonson, Chapman, and John Davies of Hereford, grateful praises. Donne addressed several of his most beautiful and sincere poems to her. She seems to have been peculiarly happy in her choice of men of real genius as protégés. Another patroness was Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, who engaged Daniel as tutor to her daughter, Lady Anne Clifford, and accepted the dedication of a poem by Spenser; and the Elizabeth Careys, mother and daughter, with whom Spenser claimed relationship in the dedication of his poem 'Muiopotmos,' and to whom Nash twice acknowledges his great indebtedness.¹

It cannot have escaped notice that all these patrons have many protégés; and it will be surmised that, this being the case, their patronage was probably occasional rather than permanent, and limited in amount.

A frequent form of patronage was the bestowal of an annuity, large or small. Jonson had from the Crown an annuity of 100 marks, raised at his own request to £100. Prince Henry gave Michael Drayton a pension of £10, and Joshua Sylvester one of £20. It need hardly be pointed out that, even for the barest subsistence (except in Jonson's case) these annuities could only serve to supplement some other income.

Maintenance at the University was a form of bounty bestowed by many benefactors upon promising youths. It was an old practice, dating from mediaeval University customs, when scholars for

¹ 'Terrors of the Night' (Dedication, 1594). 'Christ's Tears' (Dedication, 1593).

the greater part lived upon charity, and when it was a work of piety to bestow upon a talented youth the training which might fit him for holy orders. Camden, and Speght, and many more were thus indebted to private benefactors for their University training. It was not, however, the invariable rule that such patronage was followed up by adequate help later on.

The least burdensome method of bestowing patronage was to confer upon the protégé some official appointment. Spenser, for example, was made secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and later on a clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery, and to the Council of Munster. Whether such appointments were likely to aid or to thwart the poet in his chief pursuit seems to have been a question rarely considered even in earlier days; in Spenser's case it can hardly be doubted that, though they may for a time have freed him from sordid cares, they seriously encroached upon his leisure. If the duties of the post could be fulfilled by delegation, the evil was, of course, avoided.

Few generous-minded persons would now care to adopt a method of benefaction which appears in the sixteenth century to have been amongst the most frequent—viz., that of affording hospitality to the author. Nash was by no means a tactful or delicate-minded man, yet he was probably housed for some considerable time by the generous Careys.¹ It is to be hoped that they met with some recompense in the caustic wit of his conversation. John

¹ See his reference to them in 'Terrors of Night,' dedication and opening paragraph.

Donne, with his whole family, was hospitably entertained for five years by Sir Robert Drury. Even the dogmatic, arrogant Ben Jonson lived as the guest of Ësmé Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, also for five years. Spenser, too, was certainly at one time the guest of the Earl of Leicester—for how long a period is not known.

Other patrons would bestow gifts of money, varying in amount. King Charles—not usually very generous to literary men, once gave Jonson a present of £100; and Mr. Sidney Lee accepts as trustworthy the anecdote related by N. Rowe, that the Earl of Southampton upon one occasion gave to Shakespere the munificent sum of £1,000.

One fact emerges clearly as the result of study of this period. However widespread was the habit of patronizing men of letters, the bounty provided did not nearly suffice for the existing writers. It reached very few in sufficient amount to satisfy either their expectations or their needs. Nor do the writers scruple to express their discontent. The most outspoken are Nash—who never minced his words—and the writer of the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus' (1597). Nash describes his fruitless efforts to court patronage by his writings. 'All in vaine I sate up late and rose early, contended with the colde and conversed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to loss, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myselfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie. Whereupon . . . I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons . . .'¹ The unfortunate poet

¹ 'Piers Peniles,' Grosart, Works, ii, 9.

in the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' spent many years in study, looking still to meeting with 'some good Mecaenas that liberalie would rewarde'; but alas! so long did he feed on hope that he well-nigh starved!¹

Why was this bitter experience so common? Daniel attributes it, not to indifference, but to the barriers between the great and their inferiors in station, which keep from them the knowledge of the need for their bounty.

For would they but be pleased to know, how small
A portion of that overflowing waste
Which runs from them, would turn the wheels, and all
The frame of wit, to make their glory last,
I think they would do something; but the stir
Still about greatness, gives it not the space
To look out from itself, or to confer
Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.²

Daniel speaks charitably. He had indeed himself much cause for gratitude. Others might have spoken as charitably had they realized the facts,—that the demands made upon patronage were too heavy to be met. The system was breaking down under the stress of changed conditions. In olden times, if patrons were few, so also were writers. Moreover there was then absolutely no resource for the would-be writer but patronage or the monastery; failing these a man had to give up the attempt to live the literary life. In the days of Elizabeth and James I,

¹ 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' ed. Mackay, p. 20.

² Verses to J. Florio, 1611, prefixed to 'Queen Anne's New World of Words.'

on the other hand, while the latter of these refuges had disappeared, thus leaving patronage to bear an additional burden, other circumstances, newly arisen, tended to increase the number of professional writers beyond the old limits. The growing accessibility of books fostered literary studies and ambitions; the changes taking place in education tended to give more prominence to the Humanities; and further, the fashionable Court interest in literature, and the general popularity of poetry and of drama, seemed to open out alluring prospects of fame and profit to writers.

Hence the class of professional writers increased out of proportion to the class amongst whom patrons were to be found. The only persons who regarded very seriously their obligations as patrons of the literary man were the higher nobility, and the older country gentry. But these were neither very wealthy nor very numerous, and were heavily burdened by increased expenditure due to social conditions. On the other hand, the wealthy *nouveaux-riches* either held such obligations lightly, or held views which rendered them indifferent altogether to *belles lettres*.

Hence, inevitably, changed relations between patron and protégé. Of old, a talented youth would be educated by his natural protector, the great man of his birthplace, and, later on, fostered and encouraged by him in literary production. The return to be made for this beneficence was simply the creation of learned work for the gratification of his patron's immediate circle of friends. Now, he had become merely an unattached suitor, with few or no special claims, striving amidst a crowd of others

to snatch for himself a share of the bounty which not all could possibly obtain. He had to live in the midst of perpetual rivalry; he must for ever be striving to bid higher than his fellows. Literary productions become, not a graceful and natural outcome of favourable circumstances contrived by his patron; but eager bids for bounty by the needy. If he is so fortunate as to be able to give thanks for favours received, beneath the gratitude can constantly be detected craven fear lest no more should be forthcoming. The reader is saddened by the inevitable prominence given, in dedications, to the patron's charity, rather than to his taste or judgement. In this, again, Nash is a most shameless offender; see his reason for eulogizing Mistress Elizabeth Carey:¹—'Divine lady, you I must and will memorize more especially, for you recompense learning extraordinarily.'

The bait which the writer holds out is public eulogy. Under earlier conditions of patronage there had been but small occasion for this. A gracefully turned compliment, a promise of lasting remembrance, the choice, as subject for imaginative treatment, of some incident connected with the patron,—this was all that was required. The work itself was sufficient return for benefits received; and the fact that manuscript copies were necessarily few and expensive rendered it impossible to advertise to a world of outsiders the beneficence of the patron. But in the Elizabethan age the poet's work most frequently owned no natural patron; the patron himself had still to be attracted by artificial means.

¹ Dedication, 'Christ's Tears,' 1593.

He must be bribed by the offer of widespread fame, must be extolled for virtues raising him above the common run of benefactors. Hence extravagance of eulogy; hence servile humility in the writer. If any one should care to know to what lengths of exaggerated praise a man of genius could be carried in his desire to earn a patron's good will, let him study the verses addressed by John Donne to the bereaved father of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, a girl of fifteen, and probably unknown to Donne. Transfigured though they are by imaginative power, they yet betray unmistakable signs of the effort to bid high. The verses reached their mark, and Donne became for many years the intimate friend and dependant of the wealthy Mr. Drury.

Further evidence is afforded of the casual nature of the bond between patron and writer, when a still greater poet, Spenser, is found to have written his beautiful but conventional lament 'Daphnaïda,' on a lady whom he had never seen! How different are these two eulogistic mourning poems from Chaucer's simple, touching lament for the death of his patron's wife, Blanche the Duchess! He had known and loved the beautiful, gracious woman whom he honoured in his poem; and his verses, artistically equalled by Donne's and Spenser's, carry off the palm because of their sincerity.

To the student of the inner history of the lives of professional writers in this age, nothing is more saddening than such proofs of the loosening of the personal bond between patron and poet. Many dedications are obviously addressed to complete strangers; more to men whose acceptance of the

dedication is clearly the utmost that the writer ventures to hope for. Amongst the most pathetic, with its implied reproach to the man on whom the writer conceived he had natural claims, is Philip Massinger's to Charles, Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

'However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descends to me as an inheritance from my dead father Philip Massinger. . . .'¹

It is a sure sign of the lack of effective patronage, when an author dedicates his works to a great variety of patrons. Thus poor Robert Greene has not less than sixteen different patrons for seventeen books. Nash's one brief period of comparative prosperity is marked by the dedication of two successive books² to his generous friends the Careys: his friendlessness is shown by the variety of his other dedications.

Of course, few dedications were in themselves adequate to attract more than a passing charity. A man could not hope for life-long recognition on the strength of an extravagant compliment at the head of a literary trifle. Therefore dedications were not relied upon to do more than procure a sum of money, varying according to the means and disposition of the dedicatee, and his estimate of the work. They might sometimes induce a man of rank to use his

¹ Dedication of 'The Bondman,' 1623. His father's real name was Arthur; in 1624 edition (Bodleian) it is given as 'Arthur.'

² 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem,' 1593; 'Terrors of the Night,' 1594.

influence in obtaining for the writer some unimportant post: but as such posts were nearly always bestowed simply 'in reversion,' the applicant often preferred a prompt money reward. The uncertain value of such reversions is painfully illustrated by the life-long waiting of the unfortunate John Lyly for the office of Master of the Revels, the holder of which persisted in outliving him. In vain the unlucky writer pleaded for something more substantial,—'some lande, some good fines or forfeitures . . . that seeing nothing will come by the Revells, I may pray (*i.e.* prey) uppon the Rebells. Thirteene yeares your highness' servant, but yet nothing . . . a thousand hopes, but all nothing, a hundred promises but yet nothing . . . my last will is shorter than myne invencion: but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholie without measure to my friends, and beggerie without shame to my family.'¹ A humbler instance of the futility of many bits of patronage is afforded by the following letter from Christopher Ocland to Sir Julius Caesar (13th Sept., 1589). Incidentally it throws interesting light upon methods sometimes employed for filling positions under Government:

'I made a book of late in English and did for some especiall causes dedicate the same to my Lorde of Warwicke. I was in consideration of the same to see about the Tower and St. Katherine's for a gunner's roome (*i.e.* a post as gunner) in the Tower (for they be of my Lord of Warwicke's being Master of the Ordnance' gifte) and to finde out a man meete for the same who might give me some

¹ E. Arber: 'Euphues,' Introduction, p. 10.

competent piece of money, and my said Lorde wolde for my sake bestow the same roome upon him. Whilst I seeke this, fifteen or more days be spent, and the time lost. . . . I shall have money for the same gunner's roome at Easter next, and a yeare hence. So frustrate of my purpose I fall into want . . . such is my ill hap and fortune.'¹

A money fee was, then, in most cases preferable, and more usual. It was the sixteenth-century substitute, not so much for genuine patronage, as for the chance charity afforded in mediaeval times to the poor University scholar. The scholar was always poor, and lived as a matter of course upon charity—either that of the individual or of the public in general.

Al that he myghte of his frendes hente
On bookes and on his lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that gaf him wherewith to scoleye.²

The Elizabethan literary man, unlike Chaucer's Scholar, did little praying for souls; but on the other hand he received readily all gifts that fell in his way. The usual fee paid for the dedication of a drama was forty shillings;³ but far smaller sums, as low even as half-a-crown, were thankfully received.

There is no evidence of much desire for dedi-

¹ Camd. Soc., vol. 23, p. 71.

² Chaucer: 'Canterbury Tales,' Prol. 299-302.

³ N. Field: Dedication of 'A Woman is a Weathercock,' 1612. The sum was probably equal to £10 or £12 present money.

cations amongst the wealthy; the supply clearly exceeded the demand. In this, if in nothing else, the sixteenth-century writer was less fortunate than his successor in the later seventeenth century. Then, the universal fashion in the upper classes of parading literary taste and generosity, produced a considerable demand for dedications—so much so that writers were known to pen a dedication, hawk it round to get the highest offer possible, and then write the book as a mere appendage to it.

It is to be noted that the approbation of a great man had a value not to be measured by the bounty actually bestowed upon the writer. Its indirect effect upon the general public was at least equally important. Jonson, pleasing himself by anticipating the acceptance of his verses by Lord Digby, already in imagination sees the public clamouring for copies:

. . . O, what a fame 'twill be,
What reputation to my lines and me!
. . . What copies shall be had,
What transcripts begged!
Being sent to one they will be read of all.¹

It is this consciousness of the power of aristocratic example that causes S. Daniel to make dignified appeal to the

. . . mightie Lords, that with respected grace
Doe at the sterne of faire example stand.

He urges them to 'holde up disgraced knowledge

¹ To Lady Digby Underwoods.

from the ground.' Alas! he is constrained sadly to confess

. . . the small respect
That these great-seeming best of men do give.
(Whose brow begets the inferior sort's neglect.)¹

Some of these great-seeming ones were so fully conscious of the value of their smile, that they considered the unfortunate author amply rewarded by the mere acceptance of a dedication. But, indeed, such acceptance was by no means, in all cases, the simple thing it would appear. Patrons occasionally realized, to their cost, that certain obligations entailed by patronage were not so easily evaded as the money one. Slight as the bond between patron and author had now usually become, the old tradition as to the responsibility of the great lord for his dependants still held sway. The later sixteenth century was a suspicious age, as will be shown later on; and authors relied upon the protection of a powerful patron as a sufficient answer to accusations political or moral. Spenser, dedicating 'Colin Clout' to Raleigh, entreats him to protect it with his good countenance 'against the malice of evil mouths which are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning.' Lodge dare not expose his poems to the ill-will of the world 'except they were graced with some noble and worthy patron.'² Edward Hake, when dedicating to Leicester his 'News out of Paul's Churchyard,' evidently has in view particularly the powerful

¹ 'Musophilus,' 313-19; 659-61.

² 'Fig for Momus'; dedicated to Earl of Derby.

protection thus procured for his book, 'beset with deadly hate.'

This was all very well so long as suspicion did not emanate from, or take root in high places: but occasionally patrons were called upon to face their responsibilities in somewhat serious fashion. If writers sometimes suffered from an unlucky chance allusion to the suspected favourite Essex, Essex himself had at times reason to wish himself less popular with writers. Here is an interesting letter relating a bit of Court scandal in 1595, exalted names being represented by cyphers:

My Lord,

Upon Monday last, 1500 (Q. Elizabeth) shewed 1000 (E. of Essex) a printed book of t—t, Title to a—a. In yt there is, as I here, dangerous praises of 1000, of his Valour and Worthyness, which doth hym harm here. At his coming from Court he was observed to look wan and pale, being exceedingly troubled at this great piece of villanie done unto hym. . . . The book I spake of is dedicated to my Lord Essex, and printed beyond sea, and 'tis thought to be Treason to have it. To wryte of these things are dangerous in so perillous a tyme, but I hope it will be no offence to impart unto you th' actions of this place.¹

Another mischief-making dedication to Essex is noted in March, 1559, in the correspondence of J. Chamberlain.²

Possibly in both these cases Essex was perfectly innocent and had not even seen the objectionable

¹ Letter from Roland Whyte to Sir R. Sidney, 25th Nov., 1595. Collins: 'Sidney Papers,' i, 357.

² Haywards' 'History of Henry IV.'

works. But the Earl of Devonshire found difficulty in disentangling himself from the difficulties in which Daniel, his protégé, had involved him by the acting of his play, 'Philotas' (1604). Malicious persons persuaded the authorities that it bore some reference to the unfortunate Earl of Essex (executed in 1601), and Daniel seems to have tried to prove his innocence by asserting his patron's approbation of the piece. The Earl, having been implicated with Essex, was sensitive, and remonstrated, and Daniel wrote to excuse himself. 'I said I had read some part of it to your honour, and this I said, having none else of power to grace me now in Court, and hoping that you out of your knowledge of books, or favour of letters, and me, might answer that there is nothing in it disagreeing, nor anything, as I proteste there is not, but out of the universal notions of ambition and envy, the perpetual arguments of books and tragedies. I did not say that you encouraged me unto the presenting of it (*i.e.*, on the stage); if I should I had been a villain, for that when I showed it to your honour I was not resolved to have it acted. . . .'¹ It is pleasant to know that between them the culprits must have satisfied the authorities, for 'Philotas' was published in 1605, the following year.

The unfortunate effects of the gradual breaking-up of the old system of patronage are but too patent. The uncertainty of the relation bred uneasiness and discontent. These feelings might be absent in the case of a man in Daniel's position, conscious of feeling and of inspiring genuine respect and confidence.

¹ Quoted by Grosart: Daniel's 'Works,' i, 23.

They are absent, too, in Shakespeare's case. His relations with Southampton, beginning with an ordinary dedication expressive of admiration and hope, ripened very rapidly into the affectionate intimacy which is the theme of his second dedication; and the worshipping love expressed in the Sonnets. There could be no question here of the relation of patron and dependant. The gratitude Shakespeare utters is for affection, not for a patron's benefits; what he asks for and offers is love—not bounty and praise. Jonson also betrays very little sense of holding an uncertain, difficult position. This is due, partly to the consciousness of his greatness, partly also, however, to a certain lack of sensitiveness. He never shrank from asking, because he felt he deserved, and because no delicacy of feeling checked him. Hence he boldly writes his 'Epistle Mendicant,' calling upon the Lord High Treasurer to note that it is 'no less renown' to relieve 'a bedrid wit, than a besieged town.' He feels it no dishonour, but a natural thing to send to King Charles 'The Humble Petition of Poor Ben,' that his pension of 100 marks may be increased to pounds.

But even Jonson takes pride in declaring that, though he accepts, he *chooses* from whom he will accept;¹ and to natures of finer fibre the necessity of asking was very bitter. Spenser was fortunately spared, for the most part, this unpleasing task; but he incurred the keenest humiliation of his life when, following Raleigh's advice, he went to lay his 'Faery Queene' before Elizabeth. Other men might prowl in antechambers day after day in the hopes

¹ To Sackville 'Underwoods.'

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of snatching a little 'court holy water'—*he* has left upon record the bitterest words ever uttered by a suitor at Elizabeth's Court:

Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good dayes that might be better spent:
To waste long nights in pensive discontent:
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet wait manie yeeres;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair;
To fawne, to crouch, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, borne to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!¹

Such experiences—and it must be remembered that they were the ordinary lot of the literary man—were indeed embittering. John Lyly's despairing appeal to his Royal Mistress has been noted; Nash gives us in detail a picture of the galling treatment experienced by those poets who addressed them—

¹ 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' ll. 891-908; (Pr. 1591). Perhaps Sidney's unflinching sympathy for the struggling man of letters was to some extent prompted by his own experiences. He, too, knew the bitterness of asking, and asking in vain, for much needed help. There is extant a pathetic letter from him beseeching Sir Charles Hatton to befriend him in a suit to Her Majesty. He hopes Hatton's good services will prevail, but if not, adds Sidney with reluctance, 'I will even shamelessly once in my life bring it to Her Majesty myself: need obeys no law!' (13th Nov., 1581.)

selves to patrons of lower rank. Nash is not thin-skinned; we feel that he would put up with the insults were bounty forthcoming; but contemptuous niggardliness arouses his ire:

'Alas, it is an easie matter for a goodlie tall fellow that shineth in his silkes, to come and outface a poor simple pedant in a thredbare cloke, and tell him his booke is pretty, but at this time he is not provided for him: marrie, about two or three daies hence if he come that waie, his page shall say that he is not within, or else he is so busy with my Lord How-shall-ye-call-him . . . that he may not be spoken withal. These are the common courses of the world . . . Give . . . a dog but a bone, and he'll wag his tayle; but give me one of my young masters a booke, and he will put off his hat and blush and so go his waie . . . I know him that had thanks for three years' work . . . We want an Aretine amongst us that might strip these golden asses.'¹

Lucky, indeed, was Camden, who, more fortunate even than Daniel in having been early placed in a permanent position of independence, could say to Usher:—'I never made suit to any man, no, not to His Majesty, but for a matter of course incident to my place; neither, God be praised, I needed; having gathered a contented sufficiency by my long labours in the school.'²

Sordid rivalry among authors was the inevitable consequence of the struggle for favour. Daniel, in his noble poem, 'Musophilus,' devotes a passage to

¹ 'Piers Penniles,' 1592. Grosart: 'Works,' ii, p. 130.

² Quoted, D. N. B.

lamenting the undignified competition for patronage. Because the number of writers has grown so great that there is not room for all, they 'kick and thrust and shoulder,' and quarrel 'like scolding wives.' Nicholas Breton expresses the matter in still more homely fashion, in his wish that—

. . . all scholars should be friends,
And Poets not to brawle for puddings' ends.¹

Jonson, with his Court pension, his reputation as masque writer, and his many noble patrons, was a great mark for envy. Nor was he at all grieved by this; in fact, he boasts of it, and uses it as an argument when asking for 'more,'² but he was not himself above envying others. He told Drummond that Samuel Daniel 'was at jealousies with him,' but the feeling seems to have been chiefly on his own side. He called Daniel 'no poet,' he parodied his verses, and he could not refrain from a somewhat childish expression of his annoyance that Daniel should be befriended by the Duchess of Bedford, and be regarded as 'a better verser . . . or poet . . . in the court account,' than himself.³

Nor was Shakspeare, in spite of the tie of strong personal affection which bound him to his patron, free from the literary rivalry which dogged the footsteps of all Elizabethan writers. One poet, at least, seems to have succeeded in stealing from him, by 'the proud full sail of his great verse,' some of

¹ 'No Whipping but a tripping.' Breton. In works, ed. Grosart, i. xxxiv.

² 'Humble Petition of Poor Ben.' Underwoods.

³ To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland. 'The Forest,' 1616.

his patron's favour; Shakespere was blamed for being less assiduous in eulogy. The greater poet was not above the retort that at least his silence did no harm, whereas the words of others brought 'a tomb' where they were intended to 'give life.' But he betrays sensitiveness under this painful rivalry, beseeching his patron friend to judge 'who it is that says most.' Let others, he pleads, be esteemed for their 'gross painting,' their 'precious phrase,' their 'breath of words'; *he* would be valued for his 'dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.'¹

Amongst other evils entailed upon self-respecting writers by their dependence upon patronage was the inevitable accusation of 'mercenary flattery,' and 'fawning eloquence.' Nor are many of them to be wholly acquitted. When a man so highly placed as Francis Bacon is to be found soliciting from His Majesty a theme for treatment, with the remark:—'I should with more alacrity embrace your Majesty's direction than my own choice,'² we cannot be surprised that meaner writers should at times display servility. Even a writer so high-minded as Massinger apologized for his theme on the ground that his own 'low fortune' prevented his refusing 'what by his patron he was called unto.'³ From Churchyard, as later passages will show, we need not look for much self-respect, but the following shows him, though a writer of some repute in his own day, fallen beneath contempt. He is dedicating to Sir Walter Raleigh,

¹ Sonnets LXXXII-LXXXVI.

² 'Works,' ed. Spedding, 1874, xiv, 358. (20th March, 1620.

³ 'A Very Woman.' Prologue.

and conscious of having shown some servility, thus seeks to justify himself. 'And if the world say . . . I show a kind of adulation, to fawn for favour on those that are happy; I answer that it is a point of wisdom, which my betters have taught me . . . I take an example from the fish that follows the stream.'¹ After such an instance of moral debasement may perhaps fitly follow a reference to the dedication in which James I shows, on the other hand, his sense of his own exalted position. It being impossible for *him* to assume the properly humble attitude of a dedicator to any human being, he actually wrote the following irreverent and bombastic dedication: 'To the Honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, the only θεάνθρωπος, Mediator, and Reconciler of mankind. In sign of thankfulness, His most Humble and most obliged servant James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, doth dedicate and consecrate this his Declaration.'²

On the other hand, as the dedicator tended to fall into servile flattery, so, if he escaped this snare, was he liable to fall into another, that of impudence and shameless effrontery. Dekker points out that authors will without blushing claim acquaintance with men as patrons whom they scarcely know.³ A most flagrant instance of this is familiar to all, in

¹ 'A spark of Friendship,' 1588. Harleian Miscell., Series I, vol. iii, p. 248.

² 'Answer to the work of Conrad Vorstius on the Nature and Attributes of God.' Folio works, 1616.

³ 'News from Hell,' ed. 1606. Grosart: 'Works,' ii. (Dedication.)

the case of Stephen Gosson's impudent unauthorized dedication to Sir Philip Sidney of his attack upon poets and others in the 'Schoole of Abuse'—a piece of impertinence for which, as Gabriel Harvey declares, he 'was for his labour scorned.'¹ It is not perhaps so generally known that, in the year of Sidney's death, he doubled his effrontery by dedicating to the same lover of art another work in which he rendered thanks for the protection which Sidney's name had afforded to the earlier one!¹

Happily there were men who rose superior to these temptations. When we find a writer like Heywood, again and again, making of his dedication 'a due acknowledgement, without the sordid expectation of reward, or servile imputation of flattery';² we welcome the proof that he, at least, preserves the true poet's self-respect. Wither dedicated his 'Shepherd's Hunting,' to all the 'known and unknown sympathisers' who had felt for him during his imprisonment; and we honour the manly lines in which he says:

I have no minde to flatter; though I might
Be made some Lord's companion, or a Knight.
Nor shall my verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might starve, unlesse it did doe so.
. . . Oh! how I scorne
Those Raptures, which are free and nobly borne
Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
At strangers' windows, and goe play the ape
In counterfeiting Passion when there's none.³

¹ 'Ephemerides of Phialo,' 1579. (Dedication.)

² Preface to 'The Fair Maid of the West.'

³ Wither's motto—*Nec habeo*. 1621.

His words suggest, what is only too true, that men of weak principle were betrayed by their necessities into even worse than servility—into a deliberate hypocrisy, a degraded pandering to the unworthy. That this was so is clear from the satiric portrait of the poet given in the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus.' Draining his inspiration from the pint-pot, he exclaims: 'Nowe I am fitt to write a booke! Would anie leaden Mydas, anie mossie patron, have his asse's ears deified, let him but come and give me some prettie sprinkling to maintaine the expenses of my throate, and I'll drop out such an enconium on him that shall immortalize him as long as there is ever a booke-binder in Englande.'¹ It is by no means certain that Nash in his necessities was fettered by very high principles; evidently bounty is the one passport to his praises. If any Maecenas will bind Nash to him by his bounty, then will the writer 'doe him as much honour' as any poet 'of his beardless years' in England.² It is, perhaps, only fair, however, to interpret these and such like reckless utterances in the light of his evidently genuine devotion to art, as shown in other passages of his work.

The more scrupulous writers did their utmost to avoid the slightest imputation of fawning servility. They chose for patrons of their works personages of no particular public reputation; they dedicated to personal friends and benefactors, as thank-offering, not as bait; and they protested against the

¹ 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' c. 1600, ed. Mackay, p. 6. Is this a satire on Nash himself? See the ensuing quotation.

² 'Piers Penniles,' 1592. 'Works,' ed. Grosart, ii, 64.

undue servility of their less worthy fellows, by a courteous insistence upon the value of their offerings. Daniel writes to his patrons as to equals.¹ Chapman assures Sir Thomas Howard that the work he presents to him contains matter no less worthy the reading than any others recently favoured by great nobles;² and Webster, in dedicating the 'Duchess of Malfi' to Lord Berkeley, takes still higher ground. 'I am confident,' he says, 'this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal; for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper, when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding sheets.' Such words go far to redeem the honour of the professional writer, soiled by such as Gosson and Churchyard!

Nor were these the worst of the evils attendant upon patronage. To servility and effrontery was added fraud. We owe to Dekker an interesting exposure of the tricks played by cheating knaves upon unsuspecting patrons. These rogues first get small pamphlets printed—generally of matter filched from other writers. They then procure the names of some large number of gentry, print copies of a dedicatory epistle with a different patron's name to each; then go round, and obtain as many fees as possible for this single dedication and pamphlet. If the supposed dedicatee is suspicious, and makes

¹ See his noble, thoughtful epistles to Lord Keeper Egerton, and to the Bishop of Winchester, and his Funeral Poem on the Duke of Devonshire. 'Works,' i.

² Dedication of 'Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois,' 1613.

inquiries amongst the stationers or printers, the wily knaves are prepared for him. They have already distributed amongst the trade a number of copies of the work, but without the dedication—for which, of course, they are awaiting permission! ‘Thus the liberality of a nobleman or of a gentleman is abused; thus their bounty is brought into scorn and contempt: thus men are cheated of their bounty, giving much for that . . . which is common abroad and put away for base prices.’¹

There is another point of view to be considered—that of the patron himself. To him, it is clear, the endless importunity of struggling writers must have presented a serious dilemma. Amid so many, how decide between their claims? How benefit any considerable number in any practical way? Yet how distinguish between them? Here and there a patron of genuine taste, and sufficient leisure could find means of discriminating: here and there chance placed naturally under his protection a man of real genius. But it is obvious that, for one reason or another, many patrons were driven to distribute their benefits widely, rather than to concentrate them and thus confer lifelong benefit, and that many were content with a perfunctory response to direct appeals. Sir Philip Sidney stands out among the men of rank of his time as one whose bounty was always discriminating and generous. Yet, as we know, he was a poor man; constantly in difficulties for lack of means. It was the genuineness and discrimination of his love of literature which earned him such warm and un-

¹ ‘Lanthorn and Candlelight,’ ed. 1609. ‘Works,’ iii. 237.

qualified tributes, and he has come down to posterity as the one literary patron to whom, though no rich man, all writers unite in gratitude. Nor can we forget that it was undoubtedly his influence that gained for Spenser the favour of Lord Grey.

To the average young man of rank or wealth, unburdened with love of art or letters, the perpetual appeal of the professional writer must have been simply an unqualified nuisance. He bore with it, as a burden incident to rank and fashion; he even, to a certain extent, encouraged it as a recognition of his own superiority, but it was inevitable that much patronage should be most grudgingly bestowed. Nash was probably perfectly justified in his complaint that 'there is not that strickt observation of honour which hath bene heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merite to have their names eternized by poets; and whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up their sleeve and scarce give him thanks that presents it.'¹ Thorpe's satirical advice to Blount on the correct behaviour of a patron completely bears out Nash's words.² Patronage, as a refuge for the writer, was moribund.

It died hard. Struggling authors could not afford to let it die. They would 'hang upon a young heir like horse-leeches'; they followed up the tracks of gouty patrons as if 'hoping to wring some water from a flint'; they even descended to flattering and pandering to lackeys, in order to gain admission to the presence of an unwilling great

¹ 'Piers Penniles.' 'Works,' ii. 13.

² Dedication of Marlowe's 'Lucan,' 1600.

man. Generations of needy authors begged, starved, and passed away before the day when Swift pilloried their shameless insincerity in his inimitable bookseller's dedication to the 'Tale of a Tub.' Generations were to pass before Johnson gave the *coup de grâce* to the long tottering system, by his scornful retort to Lord Chesterfield. Even a quarter of a century after this the help which Crabbe received from Burke, and through Burke's good offices from Thurlow, shows that neither the need nor the possibility of occasional patronage had quite died out. Though no longer a necessity, to the writer of established fame, it will probably never be quite superseded as long as rich men are generous, and unknown writers poor.

PH. SHEAVYN.

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